THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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CAPTAIN BOURKE'S BOOK

Reviewed by the "Atlantic Monthly" in Terms of Commendation.

The Career of Crook as an Indian Fighter Dwelt Upon.

There never has been adequate public recognition of the inestimable service rendered by the small United States regular army in the Indian campaigns of the last forty years. With the close of the war with Mexico we acquired, substantially, our present national limits; but these limits held good only as against foreign powers. The great area between the Missippi and the Pacific was still a wilderness, held by powerful tribes of singularly warlike and bloodthirsty savages. Year by year the frontier of civilization was pushed westward across this wilderness; year by year the map showed growing areas of civilization in isolated tracts on the Pacific coast and in the mining districts of the Rocky Mountains, until within the last half dozen years the westward extension of the frontier has been pushed so far forward as to make it join with many of these hitherto island-like areas. In other words, the frontier proper has come to an end. The expression 'on the frontier," which for more than a century of our national existence had a most definite and significant meaning, is now meaningless, for the frontier itself no longer exists.

This marvelously rapid westward extension of our people across the continent would have been impossible had it not been for the quiet, faithful, uncomplaining, often heroic, and almost always absolutely unnoticed service rendered by the regular army. Abreast of the first hardy pioneers, whether miners or cattle men, appeared the West Point officer and his little company of trained soldiers; and the more regular settlers never made their appearance until, in campaign after campaign, always very weary and harrassing, and often very bloody in character, the scarred and tattered troops had decisively overthrown the Indian lords of the land. Save for the presence of the regular army a large portion of the territory inclosed within the limits of the flourishing states of the great plains and the Rockies would still be in the possession of hostile Indians, and the work of settlement in the west could not have reached its present point.

The lonely little posts on the waters of the Platte, the Powder, the Yellowstone, the Columbia, or the Colorado, where for many weary years at a time the soldiers wearing the national uniform lived and warred and died, with quiet endurance, surrounded by the desolation of vast solitudes and menaced by the most merciless of foes, have now either been abandoned, or are the seats of flourishing towns which but for the exertions of these soldiers would never have come into being; and the memory of the deeds done during the lonely years of peril fades as rapidly as the log walls of the cantonments crumble. They attracted scant notice at the time, in the roar of our huge and busy national life; and they were forgotten almost as soon as done. Yet their consequences were of far reaching importance, and it is eminently fitting that they should be appropriately commemorated.

It is therefore with particular pleasure that we welcome the appearance of a book dealing with certain of the more recent Indian campaigns in the west. No man is better fitted, by experience, training and mental habit, than Capt. Bourke to describe these campaigns, and none other of our Indian fighters of recent times played so long, so varied, and on the whole so important a part in this phase of the conquest of the continent as did Gen. Crook. Other men, notably Gen. Custer, have played parts which were at times more brilliant. No single victory of Crook's was either as dramatic or as important as Custer's triumphant night fight on the Washita, and no scene in the former's life equaled, either in picturesque quality or in tragedy, the battle which resulted in Custer's death. But Crook saw very much more service against the Indians; he saw it under far more varied conditions; and on the whole, when everything is summed up, he accomplished more not only than Custer, but than any other far western commander of recent years.

Capt. Bourke begins his book with a description of the conditions of life in Arizona in 1870, the chief of these conditions being unending and ferocious warfare with the Apaches. He describes very graphically and interestingly Gen. Crook's victorious struggle with these most intractable of American savages, on assuming command of the Arizona department. The warfare must have been grim and dreary enough, too, at the time, to those taking part in it, but in its recital it is full of picturesque incidents. Nowhere else would it be possible to obtain so vivid a picture as is here given of the incredible dangers and hardships attendant upon life in Arizona in the early seventies, or so sympathetic and yet humorous a description of the soldiers, American settlers and Mexicans who made up the motley population. The Apaches were able to cause trouble out of all proportion to their numbers. They were foot, not horse, Indians. They never stood the shock of battle unless the odds were enormously in their favor. They were most dangerous when their bands were scattered and they were acting as individuals; and they could endure heat, thirst, hunger and fatigue in a way which no white man could rival. Capt. Bourke brings out very clearly the disadvantages under which any civilized troops necessarily labored in making war upon these untamable barbarians. He also shows, what is well known to all men who have had any experience on the frontier, but what is rarely admitted in frontier communities, that it is impossible to organize a really efficient force of any size composed of white frontiersmen. There are a few old hunters, trappers, mountain men and plains men who become as hardy, and almost as expert in tracking and hiding, as the Indians, and even better shots and fighters; but these men are very few in number, and they are usually nearly valueless, except as individual fighters, because of their singular intolerance of restraint or command. The average frontiersman, whether cowboy or miner, affords good material out of which a force can be constituted for a sudden dash; but the men composing such a force are entirely unfit for a long campaign. They are brave enough—indeed, they are often brave to the verge of recklessness—but they do not have the resolution which comes only with discipline. They are fickle, impatient of restraint, and sure to grumble, and finally to break out in open revolt if the campaign is not brought to a speedy and successful issue; and nineteen out of twenty Indian campaigns cannot possibly be thus speedily and successfully brought to a close. Gen. Crook appreciated all these facts very keenly, and it was he more than any other man who introduced the system of employing Indians themselves to fight Indians. To all the tribes in the west he was known as the Gray Fox, a name given him in compliment of his wisdom, foresight and remarkably successful management, whether of a negotiation or of a campaign. He was also most honorably known to them as a man who invariably kept his word, and never promised more than he could perform. They trusted and respected him as they have trusted and respected few whites. It was therefore comparatively easy for him to organize a force of Indian scouts. With these bands of Indian scouts under picked white leaders, and assisted by small parties of regular troops and a few white frontiersmen, Gen. Crook, in a remarkably short space of time, brought the long lingering conflict with the Apaches to a happy conclusion, and completely pacified Arizona.

Soon afterwards he was called to take command in a very different country, against Indian foes of a very different kind. He exchanged the arid deserts and dry rugged mountains of Arizona for the vast rolling prairies and pine-clad hills of Wyoming, Montana and western Dakota; and confronted as antagonists the warlike tribes of the Horse Indians, the Sioux, the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes. These Indians were many times as numerous as the Apaches, and far more dangerous in actual warfare, though much less able to carry on the long-drawn hostilities of a conflict where skulking and murder take the place of fighting in open. Gen. Crook had supreme command in the doubtful and hard-fought campaign of 1876, of which the most noted battle was the fight on the Little Big Horn where Gen. Custer and his 300 followers were slain to the last man. The campaign opened in the early spring, and in the first fight one of Crook's subordinate officers was defeated by the great Sioux chief Crazy Horse. Three months later, Crook himself, with his white troops and bands of Crow and Shoshone allies, fought a fierce drawn battle with the same redoubtable chief, and following this came Custer's defeat. All the Indians of the Northwest were on the warpath, save that some of the Cheyennes were kept on the reservation as the result of a victory, in which one of the most marked incidents was the slaying of the chief Yellow Hand by the then famous scout Buffalo Bill.

Up to the beginning of the fall, the advantage in the fight had certainly rested with the Indians. Crook, however, excelled especially in dogged endurance, and instead of giving up and pushing for one of the forts, where he could have obtained reinforcements and supplies, he kept the field with his starving, ragged, almost worn out soldiers, made a wonderful march southward from the lower waters of the Little Missouri, whipped the Sioux under American Horse and Crazy Horse in the fight at Slim Buttes, and relieved the threatened settlements in the Black Hills. Then he organized a winter campaign such as those which Custer had first successfully tried. In this campaign a decisive blow was struck by McKenzie's brilliant night surprise of the Cheyenne camp on the Big Horn. As a sequel of this victory, the great bulk of the hostile Indians came into the reservations and surrendered. In passing it may be mentioned that one of the most interesting descriptions of this campaign of 1876 is to be found in ex Congressman Finerty's book, "Warpath and Bivouac."—*Atlantic Monthly for February.*

D'Arcy McGee's Schoolmaster.

The schoolmaster of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, if little know outside of Wexford, is one of the most striking personalities in that historic town. Michael Donnelly, who is now in his 105 h year, has taught several generations of Wexford men. He loved his calling, but his greatest recompense was the satisfaction he derived from the success of his pupils in various parts of the world. When D'Arcy McGee had risen to the rank of a minister in Canada, and when his literary attainments were the subject of general comment, a friend questioned him as to the University in which he graduated. The scholar and historian answered, "I graduated under Michael Donnelly, of Wexford, and his was the only school I ever attended." The story was told by McGee in Wexford twenty-five years ago, when his teacher was already an old man. Mr. Donnelly had one son, who devoted his life to the service of God, and who sacrificed his life in a trying mission to the West Indies. The old man has seen blood flowing in the streets of his native town in '98. A handsome thoroughfare now crosses the ground where "Donnelly's School" once stood, and the scholars are scattered the world over. Mr. Donnelly, enfeebled and almost blind, daily makes his way to the oldest of the Wexford churches. He has lived in the forgotten past, and his thoughts are already on another world. A testimonial is at present being raised in his behalf.—*Ed.*

A CHRISTMAS TOAST.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

The Frenchman's toast is the Tricolor;
America's may be
The Stars and Stripes whose blazoned folds
float over a people free;
The Spaniard drinks to the flag of the Cid,
and every Bourbon knight
May quaff, if he please, to the *fleur de lis*—
the banner of spotless white!
But we, boys—we have a flag of our own
—a flag on whose storied sheen
Are written the deeds of our bravest sires
in letters of gold and green:
Then a toast we'll quaff this Christmas
night, while the bright stars gem the
sky,
To the flag that has lived through bloodstained years—to the flag that can
never die!

There are no vines on the sloping hills of
the land of our hopes and dreams;
No mulberries grow in the vales below on
the banks of her rushing streams:
But the shamrock springs from her sacred
soil, and the modest harebells dwell
'Mid the furze and the broom, and wild
flowers smile from the depths of each
sombre dell:
And the towers of old, each castle and hold,
and abbey and shrine proclaim
That the isle of our love hath a record
proud, and a glory crowned name and
fame:
Then a toast—a toast, whilst the stars peep
out from their crystalline homes on
high,
To a land that has lived through a myriad
years—to the land that can never
die!

The cause of the Poles is dead, they say,
laid in a gory grave
By the scimitars of each Cossack horde
and the Prussian's fiery glaive;
There are Greeks who chafe 'neath the
Musulman yoke, and the Teuton
rules amain
O'er the cities and towns and verdant vales
of Alsace and Lorraine:
The serfs who are lashed by such despot
whips may never know freedom's
noon,
But the cause of the land of our dearest
dreams is destined to triumph soon;
Then a toast—a toast to the dawning light
of the glorious bye and bye—
To the cause that has lived through a
myriad years—to the cause that can
never die!

Brave races of old have withered space,
and sleep the sleep of peace—
The Assyrian hosts, and the sons of Troy,
and the giants of Rome and Greece;
But ours is a race that fructifies, and starts
o'er the ocean blue
From the western nook of an olden
world, to guide and to rule a new;
Its millions tread this wide, wide globe,
their feet are on every shore—
Today 'tis a thousand times as strong as
it was in days of yore;
Then we'll quaff tonight to the brave old
race, whose founts can ne'er run dry—
To the race that has lived through a myriad
years—to the race that can never die!

We'll drink to the hopes of liberty, that
ever, from pole to pole,
Throb like a heavenly chorus, boys,
through the depths of each Irish soul!
To the hopes that nerved each sinewy
arm of our sires in the long ago,
When they scorned to barter their nationhood, and fought to the death the foe!
The hope that we hold of setting a crown
on the brow of our ocean queen,
And hoisting o'er all her towns and towers
the banner of gold and green;
Then one toast more we'll quaff tonight,
with bosoms bounding high—
To the hopes that have lived through a
myriad years—to the hopes that can
never die!

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A WORD TO AUTHORS.

Eleanor Kirk Says They Always Make More Money by Doing Their Own Publishing.

Reasons for the Advice She Gives—Other Matters of Interest.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Feb. 1.—"Is it possible that American authors need protection from American Publishers?" asks a Florida gentleman who is not a writer but who is a great reader and who is exceedingly interested in literary pursuits. Since the establishment of the American Society of Authors I have received many letters from interested inquirers on this important subject, many of them deploring the necessity if not actually questioning the propriety of such an organization. It does not seem to be generally known even among writers and that there are similar societies abroad, and that both English and French writers have banded themselves together to secure more satisfactory treatment from the houses who published their books. But this is the case, and the result is more equity and less friction.

A lady correspondent reminds me that publishers are not all dishonest and that writers, among them some of our most clever novelists, are not all intelligent on the subject of publishing books. She mentions Gail Hamilton as "a colossal specimen of stupidity" in this regard, and challenges me to mention the name of one well known man in the business of book making whom I would dare to call dishonest.

This is very funny, and like the girl in the song, "I haven't a word to say," but my amusement cannot be expressed by words. One would suppose that my business in life had consisted in calling publishers ugly names. That I have never done—at least all publishers are not under the ban of my disapproval. There are honest and dishonest men in all trades and professions, and I should tell quite as large a falsehood, probably, if I affirmed that all publishers were honest, as if I made the exactly opposite statement.

But why this fuss and opposition from certain literary quarters concerning so helpful an institution as a society of authors for the purpose of mutual assistance and protection from the publishers who are sharks?

Personally I have this to say, and I make no charge of dishonesty in any instance. Before I do such a thing in such a way I shall have the courage of my convictions, and say to these book makers, "I have no earthly way of finding out how much or how little you have wronged me, but that you have cheated me, I believe from the depths of my soul." This wouldn't put a dollar into my pocket, but a face to face charge should always be made before the "behind-the back" one is put on record. I have had books published by publishers, and they did not make me any money. I have published my own books and I have made money.

These are incontrovertible facts and cannot be "shooed" or laughed away. It may be that the books I published would have netted me something if they had been handled in the regular way, and perhaps the books of mine which were distressing financial failures in the hands of publishers would have come to the same sad fate if *I* had put the covers on to them. I am not in sympathy with unjust or illogical writers, and I shall never be caught making a charge that I cannot sustain.

Perhaps my books did well because I could devote more time to them than the publisher. I had two books. The publisher had two thousand or less. He must make his money on the great general average. I made mine directly. Then again I could not fail to be more interested in the success of my work than a stranger, and may be that there was something in the principle of the old adage—"if you want a thing well done, do it yourself." However these are bottom facts and my friends and my critics are entirely welcome to them.

Now a word to the timid in reference to publishing their own books. It is not a difficult matter, and all the talk about a publisher's imprint and the impossibility of reaching the market is utter nonsense. The writer publisher can send his volumes to the magazines and papers just as well as the professional publisher. If they cannot reach the whole book trade they can reach the cream of it, and if it sells at all the author pockets the money. The Society of American Authors, like its English and French leaders, will instruct authors how to publish their own books, and how to make proper bargains with publishers for bringing out their volumes. Authors can be furnished with all necessary information concerning this organization by applying to Mrs. Katherine Hodges, secretary of the society, 174 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

In response to various questions about cloaks, I am pleased to say that it is doubtful if there were greater bargains in these garments than now. An importer of cloaks informs me that a radical change of style is quite impossible next winter, because the wraps of this season box the whole compass of human ingenuity. "Sensible and economical ladies," he adds, "will certainly avail themselves of the opportunity to purchase their next winter cloaks at half price." Miss M. G. Anderson of 451 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, is now sending these garments to all parts of the country. Definite measurements, and a general idea of the special style is all that is necessary.

Besides the book of children's poems, "Cockle Shells and Silver Bells," which is such a phenomenal favorite with our little folks and their mothers, the author, Mrs. M. F. Butts, has prepared a story book for the same audience called "The Princess, the Pig and Etcetery." The former book costs 25 cents and the latter story 15 cents with three cents for postage.

The *Journal of Commerce* says of this story: "It is a very funny book that parents enjoy while reading it to their children. Mothers say 'my children read it over and over again.'" Address the author Mrs. M. F. Butts, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

"My neighbor tells me that she cannot believe that two Fleischmann's yeast cakes can be used in making a single two quart batch of bread without tasting of the yeast. She has never tried it, but that is what she thinks."

This comes from a correspondent in Gloucester, Mass., and it really seems as if most of my readers would agree with me that the writer is sadly deficient in logic and common sense. My neighbor has never tried it but she thinks so, and because she thinks so I am not disposed to make the experiment! Now I have tried it, and I know my cook makes all her bread in this way, and so do my friends, because they were eager to improve on old methods. They are successful and so will every housekeeper be who depends upon herself instead of her neighbor.

The Illustrated Nautical Dictionary by Capt. Howard Patterson is the only comprehensive work of the kind ever issued. The author, for a young man, has in all probability seen more of the sea than men in the same profession of twice his age, having been master of a clipper ship before he had attained his majority, and having later in life been professor of nautical astronomy at Brown's College and principal of the New York Nautical School.

The work is unabridged, contains upwards of 500 illustrations, and is sold only by subscription.

Further information will be furnished by Capt. Patterson at 101 Fourth avenue, New York. ELEANOR KIRK

MINISTER EGAN VINDICATED.

The correspondence between the governments of Chili and the United States, recently submitted to congress, is of itself a vindication of the personal and official conduct of Minister Egan. In addition, the president takes occasion to state explicitly that he has every assurance that Mr. Egan's conduct has been altogether proper, and that he has discharged the duties of a very disagreeable position with rare intelligence, with commendable promptness and with a high sense of patriotism. There could have been no reason for the correspondence to have been made public for no other reason than that it has served the good purpose of relieving Minister Egan of the misfortune of being compelled to submit to criticism that was undeserved and cruel. From these recent developments it has been made clear that he has been made the victim of malicious and crafty misrepresentations of a conspiracy hatched very close to the British throne and carried out by the willing tools of English authority. So methodically and ingeniously did they go about seeking to traduce the Chilian minister that they actually succeeded in deceiving even those who have reason to be forever apprehensive of British cupidity, and by base instinuation and cowardly innuendo, they cultivated a public sentiment against Mr. Egan that was well calculated to do him a vast amount of injury, and at the same time place the administration and the government of the United States in a most embarrassing and unenviable attitude. Through the intrigues of its paid agents in Chili and its instructed correspondents in Valparaiso, the English foreign office had almost absolute control of the news from that point, and it was so colored in nearly every instance as to prejudice and poison the minds of all readers with the idea that the American minister had exceeded his authority, abused his position, gratuitously offended the representatives of other powers, and had made himself personally obnoxious. All this had its effect, for it went before the world with the appearance on its face of unbiased testimony, and many persons who had been ardent admirers of Mr. Egan began to lose faith in his judgment, his prudence, and his ability to successfully fill a position of such great responsibility. Such conclusions were in the line of natural consequences, in the absence of testimony that he was being made the victim of the spleen of a powerful and merciless enemy, and now, in the full light of revelations, he stands triumphantly vindicated by the most indisputable documentary evidence. In all the turmoil that has been so long in progress, it is now being made manifest that the real marplot was that ancient foe of America and Americans, the mendacious empire that assumes to be the "mother country." She hates America because America struck for freedom and gained it. She hates Ireland because Ireland prays to be delivered from similar bondage and inhuman oppression, and she hates an Irish American with a double and consuming hate because he loves the land of his fathers and the republic of his adoption. Her attitude in this complication has been mean, cowardly and contemptible. In a spirit of insane hatred, the English sneaks who maintained offensive espoinage over the American legation, sent out the most damaging reports concerning the minister's conduct, and by this means they were at least partially successful in the accomplishment of their devilish designs. The publication of all the correspondence, however, has removed every doubt that existed concerning Mr. Egan's integrity, and his most vituperative enemies are now left without the pretense of an excuse for maligning a gentleman and an officer whose greatest offense is his devotion to the interests of the country of his adoption. Directing his remarks to Mr. Egan specifically, the president righteously declared upon the documentary evidence transmitted to congress, that the minister had performed his duties with "ability, courtesy and fairness," and further, that he had "borne himself under very trying circumstances with dignity, discretion and courage." All this goes to show that much of the well meant criticism of Mr. Egan's course was based upon false assumptions, that these false assumptions were the direct outgrowth of British intriguing and mendacity, and that, as a matter of fact, the minister's course has been manly, courageous, eminently proper and commendably patriotic.—*Lafayette, Ind., Daily Courier, Jan. 28.*

AN UNFORTUNATE IRISHMAN.

JACKSON, Mich., Feb. 1.—The death of Edward Murphy in this city was the closing chapter of a most eventful life. His career was the result of strange circumstances and if it were in his power to again live on this earth he would probably refuse to do so. His share of this world's goods was very small, and the sudden death, which resulted from being struck by an engine, was only in keeping with the many trials he had experienced. He was born in England in 1810, and at an early age put to sea. Misfortune seemed to follow him from the very first. The ship was wrecked on several occasions, and he finally abandoned his craft on the American shore after a most thrilling experience. He then came to New York, but soon returned to his old vocation and sailed on the lakes. Here again he met with many adventures, but he was used to them and followed the life of a sailor until 1860, when he was charged with killing the mate of his vessel. Murphy was innocent of the crime, but was convicted upon the testimony given by the real murderer and sentenced from Mackinac for life in the Jackson prison in solitary confinement. Murphy loudly proclaimed his innocence, but when he found it was of no use bore his sentence bravely. When he was received at the prison here Sept. 17, 1860, he was in the prime of life, of fine physique, intelligent and of much character. In those days the solitary cell, with all its horrors, was an important institution at the prison. To be sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life must have meant just what it said, and this innocent man was placed in the dungeon to remain for the rest of his life. After seven years the man who testified against him, who was also a member of the crew, made a statement on his death bed that he killed the mate and that Murphy was an innocent man. The matter was brought to the [illegible] Murphy that came from the cell after seven years. Instead of being the tall, handsome man, he was a total wreck. His mind was ruined and he had no energy to take up life anew. The poorhouse became his home for years. In 1883 the state legislature took up his case and granted him a pension for life of $300 per year. He was an eccentric character, and for years his companions have been young boys. He was one of them from the start, and they managed to keep the old man busy as well as happy. At one time he was much interested in auction sales. He opened up business on the principle business corner with a couple of barrels, while the boys kept him well supplied with old hats and tin cans for goods. These amusing incidents were overlooked by everyone. In fact, he was always given the freedom of the city in the extreme. Many prominent men attended his funeral. They all remembered him as he appeared to them in their youth, when he used to tell them of thrilling experiences in his early life.

Taken for a Crank.

A semi-fiendish delight often seems to possess people of strong nerves in sneering at those with weak ones. The irritability of the nervous hypochondriac is ridiculed as natural ill temper. The very genuine and distressing symptoms from which he suffers are made light of. "He" or "she is a crank!" is the cheerful sort of sympathy with which the nervous invalid meets from the unfeeling and the thoughtless. At the same time no complaint is more defined and real, none has a more easily explainable origin when it is chronic. Imperfect digestion and assimilation are always accompanied by nervous debility and arriety. Build up the powers of assimilation and digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and nervous symptoms, sick headaches and a generally feeble condition of the system are remedied. Remember that fearful ravages are produced by la grippe among weakly, nervous people. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures it, and prevents malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

A Grateful Woman.

I am so thankful that Mrs. Wymen told her experience in your columns last month. My husband has been sick and we have several small children and I had to do something. Mrs. Wymen's success with the plater led me to believe that I could make a little money too. I obtained a plater for $5 and have been plating for the last three weeks, as I could find the time to leave the house, and have made $36 50. I would not have believed that it was so easy to make money with the plating machine. Everybody has a little work they want done, and I sold two plating machines and made $5 apiece on them to friends who wanted them for their children. Any one can plate and anybody can succeed, as I have done. There is no experience needed. My husband says when he gets well he is going into the plating business. Anyone can obtain circulars by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, where I got my machine.
MRS. TORRY.

Be wise in time. You have too many gray hairs for one so young looking. Use Hall's Hair Renewer, the best preparation out to cure them. Try it.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued.)

One rainy evening in October the watcher noticed general commotion. Drums beat to arms, and the Armagh Militia proceeded at quick march out of town. Soon afterwards a confused, mud-stained, alarmed looking throng poured into the street, and Barrett saw with surprise what seemed to be the whole loyalist population of Killala, among the evident fugitives being Dr. Stock, on foot, with several members of his family.

The cause of this strange spectacle was obvious: another French invasion.

The refugee's thrilling surmise on the subject was about correct. The same frigates which brought over Humbert's army, in company with a fourth, had anchored in the bay in precisely the same spot they occupied two months previously, and the landing of two thousand French soldiers was hourly expected! Here was new ground for hope and exultation.

But midnight brought reactionary news. Disheartened probably at the fate of Bompart's squadron, which, with Hardy's long expected forces on board, and also Wolfe Tone, had been attacked and defeated off Lough Swilly, and alarmed at the approach of a superior English squadron under Lord Ranelagh, the French commanders had abandoned the idea of landing, the frigates—La Concorde and the others—had slipped their cables and gone away to sea. The last French expedition to Ireland had ended in a stark fiasco, and further hope or prospect of succor for the distressed country there was none. A dismal and despondent night was that for the recluse in hiding in the narrow corridor.

Some time afterwards Barrett received news of an alarming, an appalling character. His father had been arrested for high treason, conveyed to Castlebar, and tried there by courtmartial, convicted, and sentenced to death, and returned to Ballina for execution!

[illegible] strange and sad affair altogether [illegible] and William Teeling, who [illegible] startling things. "It appears that before his trial your father was notified that he would be permitted to remove himself with his family to America, as in this way he might escape death; but he disdained the offer, confidently denying that any proof whatever could be found against him; while your mother also defied the power or malice of Col. Jackson and others to do her husband to death."

"And whence has come the vile and perjured 'proof' on which the death sentence is founded?" demanded Barrett, with white face and twitching lips.

"Truly from a doubtful source," was the reply. "Among the witnesses for the prosecution was a mistress of Sir Thomas Chapman's, named Rose; also a tinsmith, Corny Maxwell, who swore that by your father's orders he cast bullets for the croppies."

"Infamous wretch!"

"Evidence, however questionable, was given that, although he abstained from taking arms himself, and showed much kindness to imperilled loyalists, your father consulted and advised with the French officers, compelled yourself, his son, with threats and violence to take a command, and signed and issued passes in your name. Tomorrow the poor man is to die."

"My God! this is the most cruel blow yet. The base murderers!—failing to revenge themselves upon the son they would sacrifice the innocent father! But they shall have their more coveted victim. I shall go forth and give evidence that will release him and deliver myself in his stead. Surely one death will satisfy their malicious rage."

"Be calm, for heaven's sake, you shall do no such mad act. It would be certain suicide without the result you contemplate; it would mean the loss not of one life but of two—aye, of three, for your mother would never survive it—one cruel shock will be, perhaps, too much for her. Patience then, Barrett; bear your misfortune with fortitude."

And next day, from a small window at the rear of his refuge, Barrett could see [illegible] across the bridge over the Moy the procession which conducted his father to the gallows tree. Soon afterwards he learned the mournful details of the execution. Dr. St. Pierre Barret, sustained in his last moments by an admirable and moving spirit of Christian fortitude, had taken a last tender and affectionate leave of his wife, an amiable and virtuous woman, and of his seven helpless children. Some of the latter were too young to understand the great loss about to befall them; one of them, a little daughter, innocently complained when a piece of bread she was eating fell from her hand:

"Father, my bread has fallen!"

"Your bread has fallen indeed today, my child!" he replied, and took his place among the soldiers. On either side of him walked a priest, with whom he read in a firm voice the litany for a soul departing. Arrived at the place of execution, Ardnaree, he briefly addressed the assembled crowd; standing on the cart, beneath the fatal bough, he called on God to witness that her he had done that for which he was condemned to die. And so he passed away, ennobled in his last moments by the highest calmness and intrepidity.

Impossible to describe the mental agony of his son, cooped up in his lonely retreat under the dark rafters.

At length, six weeks after Patrick Barrett had gone into hiding in the house of Dr. Knox, came Capt. Goodwin, brother in-law of the latter gentleman, and Barrett's second in his ended duel with Crofton, home on leave from the regular army. In his usual genial and sprightly manner he roused the refugee from his pensive lethargy and at once began to devise plans for his escape.

"Trust me I'll have you out of this in a jiffy, my boy," he said, "far away, and well out of reach of all your enemies. By the way, the chief of those interesting gentlemen, that precious Pierce Crofton, has fared badly from the notch you gave him, as I hear, at Killala; the doctors have had to saw off his right arm."

The mode of escape ultimately adopted by the captain for his protege was a rather simple one. One evening, in the twilight, he dressed Barrett in his own uniform, took his arm in his, and issued forth from Dr. Knox's house. Unsuspected and unquestioned, the pair marched coolly through the streets, which were full of military, to the top of Ardnaree, where, near the White bridge (*Drehed Bawn*), which then spanned the river Brusna, a carriage was in waiting to convey the fugitive to Sligo.

Here their attention was attracted for the moment by a group standing round something in red, which proved to be the lifeless body of a yeoman; the skull was frightfully smashed.

"His horse shied at the corpse there that the sergeant himself hung up with his own hands this very day, and threw him, dashing out his brains against the rock," explained one of the group, pointing to a suspended human body, "so that his last piece of hanging has proved a very unlucky one for Billy Moran."

Billy Moran! Barrett could just recognize, horrible in death, the evil features of the sergeant of the Tyrawly cavalry. And thus the notorious spy, croppy-hunter and executioner had met his doom!

With a farewell of heartfelt gratitude to his gallant benefactor the pretended British officer started on his journey. He reached Sligo in safety, where some patriotic merchants, the Messrs. O'Beirne, kindly took him in hand, and it was arranged that he should sail from that port to America, as a sailor, under the name of Jackson.

Eager inquiry on his part elicited the whereabouts of Maeve O'Donnell, whom he found pale and worn after weeks of weary grief and anxiety. It was the conventional climax of "the old story." Man and wife, the pair stood on the deck of the departing vessel, watching with tear-dimmed eyes, with bursting hearts, the dim and disappearing outlines of the dear old land of their birth, the land for whose independence the last thrilling and tragic battle had been fought and lost, and from which, in bitter penalty of the patriot's devotion, they were now sorrowfully, yet hopefully, facing Westward to an unknown life of exile.

Grey dusk stole over the placid face of the waters, and those beloved hills and headlands vanished, spectre-like in the distance, mournfully as the hopes that had perished on the Irish battlefields.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A few [illegible] words [illegible] and fortunes of other characters in our story, leaders of the devoted [illegible] side that did and dared on Irish soil beneath the tricolor and the green in that memorable August and September of 1798.

Bartholomew Teeling was put on his trial before court-martial. A spy named Michael Burke, of Loughrea, who had gone specially to Castlebar to act in the capacity of informer, and accompanied the French thence to Collooney, where he deserted, identified the prisoner as having acted as an officer under Humbert, adding that his conduct in preventing excesses and protecting persons and property was "most exemplary." To the testimony of the spy was added that of Humbert. "His hand was ever raised to stay the useless effusion of blood," wrote the General from the "Van Tromp" frigate, "and his protection was afforded to the prostrate and defenseless. Write to Killala, to Ballina, to Castlebar—there does not live an inhabitant but will render him the greatest justice." But useless to expect mercy from the brutal military court, whose sentence, death, was promptly confirmed by Cornwallis. With proud, unfaltering step the gallant young patriot marched (Sept. 24) to the place of execution, on Arbor hill, Dublin. Prevented reading a document he had prepared on account of its alleged "strong nature," he conversed with unaffected ease while the death engine was preparing, and was swung, in his 24th year, into eternity. Scarcely were the barbarous accompaniments of his execution complete, and the head severed from the lifeless body, when his remains were cast into the "Croppys' Hole," at the rear of the Royal barracks. So perished the chivalrous Bayard of Humbert's expedition.

His companion, Matthew Tone, was also cast for death. In vain his aged father supplicated the clemency of the Lord Lieutenant.

"There is no hope, Matthew," moaned the poor old man, entering the condemned cell on the eve of the execution. "I have been to the Castle, and they would not listen to me."

"I supposed, father," was the calm reply, "that nothing could be done. I have but a short time to live," added the young prisoner, "and I wish to be left alone."

Poor Tone's execution was conducted with savage brutality. The lifeblood was still gushing from his body when it was flung into the "Croppy's Hole"—which probably received later the remains of the third young United Man, Roche, brought from Ballinamuck to Dublin and executed.

"The day will come," says Dr. Madden, the historian of the United Irish movement, "when that desecrated spot will be hallowed ground—consecrated by religion, trod lightly by pensive patriotism, and decorated with funeral trophies in honor of the dead whose bones lie there in graves that are now neglected and unhonored."

After a brief imprisonment in Dublin the French prisoners of war were forwarded to England, to be duly exchanged and transmitted to France. At Liverpool and other places the little body of bold invaders were received with interest and even admiration. At Litchfield a deputation of English clergy waited upon Gen. Humbert and formally thanked him for his conduct during his sojourn in Ireland, "in protecting the liberty of religious and social views and opinions, and respecting the rights of property"—the latter portion of the compliment probably making the general chuckle in his sleeve as he remembered the *assignats* "payable by the Irish Republic."

At Dover the departing French were overtaken by Charost and the other officers from Killala. The latter, on account of their protection of property in Killala, were offered to be liberated without exchange, which offer was politely declined by Nieu, the French commissary, on behalf of the Directory, he alleging that the officers in question had done no more than their duty, and what any Frenchman would have done in the same situation. From Dover the general wrote to Bishop Stock expressing regret at having had to carry the scourge of war into his neighborhood, and thanking him for his kindness to Col. Charost and the others.

Humbert's subsequent career was highly flavored with adventure and romance. Scarcely had he shaken the Irish dust from of his boots when he was in the midst of the smoke and flame of battle, as general of division under Massena in Switzerland, against the Austrians and Russians. Dispatched on the expedition to Saint Domingo, he was ordered by Napoleon to escort home his sister Pauline, widow of General Leclerc, who had just died there of the yellow fever. Then the lion fell in love! On the homeward voyage Humbert became enamored of his interesting charge; Pauline, one of the most beautiful and amiable of the Bonapartes, reciprocated his affection, and on his return to the palace of Fontainebleau asked permission of her brother, the Emperor, to become the bride of the gallant general—a request which exasperated Napoleon, who waxed indignant at the idea of his dear sister, the widow of his intimate friend Leclerc, linking in matrimony with an ex peddler in rabbit skins.

"You have a name and youth, and beauty enough, Pauline," he exclaimed, "to enable you to become the consort of a king or emperor!"

The fair widow was immediately cloistered in a convent; her admirer, his name struck off the army roll, was exiled to his property in Ile et Vilaine, where, in order to make a living, he dealt, and rather unsuccessfully, in salt.

Living at Rennes in humble retirement, in 1806, vivid memories were stirred up in him at sight of a dashing corps in green uniforms, bearing a green flag, with a golden harp and the motto "L'Indepen dance d'Irlande" — Napoleon's Irish Legion, among whose officers were some of the escaped Irish leaders, Humbert's former colleagues, who had ridden with him from Castlebar to Ballinamuck—Counsellor McDonnell and Augustine O'Malley. John Gibbons (Lord Bligo's ex agent), Patrick Powell, and others. Some of these waited upon their former commander, who assured them that "whenever the French government was serious about an expedition to Ireland he would be employed in it." Serious, forsooth, when the French maritime power had been almost completely crushed. A few days previously, in a room of the neighboring hotel, Admiral Villeneuve, the French commander at Trafalgar, had in a fit of despair blown out his brains.

Having been at length summoned out, in his proper rank, for a few weeks' campaign against the English expedition to the Scheldt, Humbert was allowed a retiring pension of three thousand francs (£125) Some years afterwards he proceeded to the United States, where, still inspired by his Irish associations, he again adopted the role of liberator, and set out in a schooner from New Orleans to lead a thousand men on the side of [illegible] Spain. The [illegible] was wrecked. Nothing daunted, he rigged out another, but party divisions and costing [illegible] compelled him to abandon his enterprise. At the battle of New Orleans (1815), he helped to strike a final decisive blow against the English power in America; he it was who advised Jackson to throw up the rows of cotton bales from behind which the rifles of the backwoodsmen strewed the swamps with the bodies of two thousand of the assaulting English and drove the remainder back in defeat and disorder. For this he received a pension from the United States. He died early in January, 1823—died so poor as to leave nothing wherewith to pay his funeral expenses; nevertheless he received due honors from his own countrymen, who were joined by a large number of the citizens of New Orleans in following to the grave the remains of this singular soldier of fortune, so full of fire and energy and enterprise, daring to imprudence in both war and love, the unsuccessful rival of a Bonaparte, the victor of Castlebar.

His second-in command in Ireland, Sarazin, had a quite different ending. At the passage of the French prisoners through Dublin, while Humbert and the other officers were kept in close confinement, Sarazin—whose premature surrender at Ballinamuck has been noted—was allowed to walk about the city on parole, and an ugly suspicion subsequently got abroad that thenceforth, at least, he was in the pay of England. Deceitful and treacherous by repute, he was not liked by his brother generals, against whom, it was said, he was wont to write secret reports to the Emperor. He showed up in his true colors in 1813 when, holding a command at Boulogne, he mysteriously deserted to an English frigate off the coast. After the restoration of the Bourbons Sarazin returned to France, and sometime afterwards he was tried and sent to the galleys for bigamy.

As to the Catholic clergy who sympathized with the insurgents—or were supposed to have done so—two were taken and hanged. One of these, Father James Conry, the parish priest of Lahardane, whose sole "crime" appeared to be that of exercising hospitality towards the French officers, died on the Mall of Castlebar by the hands of Denis Browne's black executioner. The other, Father Manus Sweeney, captured in Erris by Major Bingham's yeos, was hanged at Newport on the 5th of June, 1799. A fund has been recently started to erect a monument to his memory.

Having narrowly evaded his pursuers in Erris by hiding in a woolsack on the loft of a friendly Protestant, Shawn Bawn Burns, of Portacloy, Father Owen Cowley escaped by sea to Enniscrone, and thence to the parish of Castlecomer, on the east bank of the Moy, where some devoted peasants made him a cave in the bogs of Mulnegar, concealing the entrance with a stack of turf. Here, supported by the poor people around, for whom he occasionally celebrated mass, he lived for six months, at the end of which time he was found lifeless, overcome by excessive privations. His chief protector, Cormac Brennan, of Cloonkeelaun, had his remains interred at night, by torchlight, in the lonely little churchyard of Killanley, a number of priests assisting at the solemn nocturnal obsequies.

Father Tom Munnelly, the curate of Backs, and some other priests, were transported beyond the sea. Father Michael Gannon, after much hardships and hiding among the Connemara mountains, escaped in a small vessel to Lisbon, from which place Humbert's late "tournisier general" wrote to Lucien Bonaparte, the French ambassador at Madrid, who kindly invited him to come and spend more time in the Spanish capital. Father Gannon subsequently became pastor of a parish near Paris, then of another near Tours, and finally almoner of Lille; "in this situation, half clerical, half military (says Miles Byrne) he finished honorably his long career; but he was ever regretting his sweet home."

Of other personages who have figured, however slightly, in our narrative, it may be mentioned that Dr. Stock, the bishop, for writing a sketch of the invasion in which the French officers received—as the sensitive government considered—too large a share of praise, was transferred in punishment from Killala to a poorer diocese; that Mr. John Moore, "President of the Irish Republic" (and uncle, by the way, of the late George Henry Moore, M P), was sentenced to transportation and died of grief on shipboard; that the jovial Captain O'Keane subsequently fought in Spain and elsewhere, and, dying, left his money to various religious and charitable institutions in France; that Capt. Augustine O'Malley, of the Irish Legion, the once dashing officer and devoted duelist, reappeared in Mayo in 1846 or thereabouts to look after some landed property which had fallen to him—grey he was, and bent, and blind, a very ghost of the insurrection.

And so they "fell and passed away," the actors in that peculiar little episode of Irish history, with its rapidly shifting scenes, its fast changing lights and shades, its truly Hibernian burthen of curiously mingled joy and woe, humor and pathos, thrilling and jubilant victory, gloomy and depressing defeat. Nameless graves in lonely churchyards and sordid barrack squares, green mounds by Irish roadways and on foreign battlefields mark the resting places of the Irishmen who followed the fortunes of Humbert in their native land. Near and far they lie, some in the kindly Irish clay, many in the dull alien soil. But still in varying forms and phases, true and unimpaired as the diamond beneath gleam or gloom, lives on the spirit of patriotism which animated the men who cheerfully answered their country's call in her desperate hour of need, their brave hearts, as they ranged themselves beneath the Green Flag and the Tricolor, beating in proudly elate response to their motto—Erin go Bragh!

[THE END]

* In after years Corny Maxwell, one of the chief witnesses against Dr. Barrett, was suddenly killed at night, together with his wife, by the fall of their dwelling-house in Ardnaree. A child who lay between the twain escaped unhurt.

NOTE—Patrick Barrett, the central figure of the foregoing, arrived safely in America. He returned thence to England, where some old college friends got him the post of surgeon (he having taken out his diploma) on board an East Indiaman, which post he kept until his sudden death, while bathing, in the Mauritius, in 1817.

GAELIC POETRY.

"The Snowy Breasted Pearl."

The following is one of the most beautiful of Irish songs. The air is even more beautiful than the words. It contains both in words and music, all that simplicity and naturalness which form the great charms of the unapproachable lyrics of Ireland. The air and its accompanying Gaelic words were taken down from the lips of the late Eugene O'Curry, who had heard it in his youth. Both air and words, Irish and English, may be found in Petrie's "Ancient Music of Ireland," a work which, unfortunately, is but little known to the Irish at home or abroad. This is a terrible confession to be obliged to make; for Petrie, though not a politician, did more for the real glory and honor of Ireland than all the "spouters" that ever ranted in the British parliament. What in Heaven's name ails the Irish race that they are so indifferent about their own glorious native music? It is a fact that both Petrie and his publisher lost money by their "Ancient Music of Ireland," although it contains scores of airs of wondrous beauty, not one of which is in "Moore's Melodies," and not one of which is even now well known.

PEURLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN.

Atá cailín deas am chrádh
Le bliadhain agus le lá,
A's ní fheudaim a fághail le breugadh;
Ní i aiste eile le rádh
Dá g-canaid fir le muá'
Nár ghaitheamar gan tábhachd léi-sí.
Do'n Fhrainc no do'n Spáin
Dá d-téigheadh mo ghrádh,
Do raghainn-se gach lá d'a feuchain;
A's muna bh-fuil sé a n-dán
Duinn an ainnir chiuin so d'fhághail,
Uch! Mac Mhuire na ngrás d'ár saoradh!

'Sa chailín chailce bhiath
Dá d-tugas seare a's grádh,
Ná tabhair-sí gach tráth dam euradh,
'Sa liacht ainnir min atá
Le buaibh a's maoin a láimh
Dá ngabhamaois ad áit mar chéile.
Póg a's mile fáilte
A's báraidhe geal' do lámh,
A sé iarrfainn-se go deo mar spréidh leat;
'S muna dambas fáir a n-dán,
A Pheurla an Bhrolliaigh bháin,
Nar thig mise slán ó'n aonach!

[Metrical Translation.]

THE SNOWY BREASTED PEARL.

There's a cailín fair as May;
For a year and for a day
I have tried by every way
Her heart to gain.
There's no art of tongue or eye
Fond youths with maidens try,
I have tried, with ceaseless sigh,
Yet tried in vain.
If to France or far-off Spain
She'd cross the watry main,
To see her face again
The sea I'd brave;
And if 'tis heaven's decree
That mine she may not be,
May the Son of Mary me,
In mercy save!

Oh! thou blooming milk white dove
To whom I've given true love,
Do not ever thus reprove
My constancy;
There are maiden's would be mine,
With wealth in hand, and kine,
If my heart would but incline
To turn from thee;
But a kiss with welcome bland,
And a touch of thy white hand
Are all that I demand,—
Would'st thou not spurn;
For if not mine, dear girl,
O Snowy Breasted Pearl!
May I never from the fair,
With life return!

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.
[*New York Critic.*]
With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.
[*New York Nation, July 21.*]
If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.
[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]
"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.
[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]
"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.
London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.]
The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.
[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]
"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.
[*Chicago Herald.*]
"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.
[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]
Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.
[*Bismarck Tribune.*]
Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.
[*New York Times.*]
"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.
[*New York Herald.*]
"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING
[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]
"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.
[*New York Independent.*]
Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.
[*The Home Magazine.*]
"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.
[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]
"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.
[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]
"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.
[*Chicago Morning News.*]
"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.
[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]
"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surrsined by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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THE REPLY OF CHILI.

President Harrison Transmits It to Congress,

ACCOMPANIED BY A BRIEF MESSAGE.

The President Now Satisfied That All the Difficulty with the South American Country Can Be Adjusted Without Invoking the Powers of Congress—Communication of the Chilian Minister of Foreign Affairs—Much Regret Expressed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The president Thursday transmitted to congress the additional correspondence on the Chilian affair. The president's message of transmittal is as follow:

"TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVE: I transmit herewith additional correspondence between this government and the government of Chili, consisting of a note of Mr. Montt, the Chilian minister at this capital, to Mr. Blaine, dated Jan. 23d; a reply of Mr. Blaine thereto of date of Jan. 27, and a dispatch from Mr. Egan, our minister at Santiago, transmitting the response of Mr. Pereira, the Chilian minister of foreign affairs, to the note of Mr. Blaine of Jan. 21, which was received by me on the 26th inst. The note of Mr. Montt to Mr. Blaine, though dated Jan. 23, was not delivered at the state department until after 12 o'clock, meridian, of the 25th, and was not translated and its receipt notified to me until late in the afternoon of that day.

Powers of Congress Not Needed.

"The response of Mr. Pereira to our note of the 21st, withdraws with acceptable expressions of regret, the offensive note of Mr. Matta of the 11th ultimo., and also the request for the recall of Mr. Egan. The treatment of the incident of the assault upon the sailors of the Baltimore is so conciliatory and friendly that I am of the opinion there is a good prospect that the difference growing out of that serious affair can now be adjusted upon terms satisfactory to this government by the usual methods and without special powers from congress. This turn in the affair is very gratifying to me as I am sure it will be to the congress and our people. The general support of the efforts of the executive to enforce the just right of the nation in this matter has given an instructive and useful illustration of the unity and patriotism of our people. Should it be necessary, I will again communicate with congress upon the subject.

"BENJAMIN HARRISON."

"Washington, D. C., Jan. 28."

REPLY TO THE ULTIMATUM.

Formulated by the Chilian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—The following is Chili's answer to the ultimatum of the 21st, dated Jan. 25, and received at the state department at 9 a. m., Jan. 26. Minister Egan transmitted the ultimatum to the Chilian minister of foreign affairs on the 23d and the reply of the Chilian government, after acknowledging the receipt of the communication, is as follows:

"Without any intention of opening a discussion as to the facts referred to by the communication, and confining himself to the first part of the instructions of the honorable secretary of state, the undersigned must state to your excellency the regret with which the government of Chili sees that his excellency, the president of the United States, finds reason to continue to regard the incident of October as an attack caused by a hostile feeling towards the uniform of the navy of the United States. That unfortunate occurrence took place on a sudden, in a district where the sailors of the vessels lying in the bay of Valparaiso are in the habit of assembling, without distinction of nationality.

Hostile Feeling Not the Cause.

"From the nature of the incident it would be impossible to prove that there was no dubt as to the special cause which served as its origin or pretext; but the undersigned can assert that that cause was not a hostile feeling towards the uniform of the navy of the United States, because the people of Chili have always esteemed and respected that uniform ever since the time when it saw it figuring honorably in the ranks of the soldiers and sailors who, in a glorious struggle, gave it independence and established the republic. The undersigned admits that the occurence of Oct. 16 was of a greater gravity than those which usually occur in the same district between the sailors which frequent it, and the fact of knowing that two deaths have resulted from it among the sixteen wounded men of the Baltimore has sufficed to give it an extraordinary character, and to induce the government of Chili to hasten to adopt the measures necessary to discover and punish the guilty parties, to offer in due time, if there should be ground for so doing, such reparation as might be due."

No Desire to Give Offense.

"There is therefore submitted to the honorable secretary of state of the department of foreign relations of Washington the designation of either the supreme court of justice of the United States or a tribunal of arbitration to determine the reparation which Chili may have to make for that lamentable occurrence. As for the dispatch addressed under date of the 11th of December to the Chilian minister in Washington by the minister of foreign relations of the provisional government, the undersigned submits that there could not be, on the part of the government with Chili, the purpose to inflict any offense upon the government of the United States with which it desires ever to cultivate the most friendly relations. Consequently the undersigned deplores that in the telegram there were employed through an error of judgement the expressions which are offensive in the judgment of your government, declaring in fulfillment of a high duty of courtesy and sincerity toward a friendly nation that the government of Chili absolutely withdraws the said expressions.

Wants to Remain Friendly.

"The undersigned trusts that this frank and explicit declaration which confirms that which had already been made to the honorable secretary of state in Washington will carry to the mind of his excellency, Mr. Harrison, and of his government that the people of Chili, far from entertaining a feeling of hostility, have the lively desire to maintain unalterable the good and cordial relation which up to the present time existed between the two countries—a declaration which is made without reservation in order that it may receive such publicity as your government may deem suitable. With regard to the suggestion made touching the change of the personnel of your legation, to which the instructions of the honorable secretary of state refer, it is incumbent upon the undersigned to declare that the government of Chili will take no positive step without the accord of the government of the United States, with which it desires to maintain itself in friendly understanding.

"With sentiments of distinguished consideration, I am your obedient servant,

"LUIS PEREIRA."

MR. MONTT TO MR. BLAINE.

The Chilian Minister on Arbitration and the Recall of Egan.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—On January 23 Senor Montt wrote to Secretary Blaine telling the latter how the Chilian government deplored the killing of the Baltimore seamen, though it could not as yet form a final opinion concerning the nature of the occurrence. He adds:

"In the course of our conferences we sometimes considered the case in which the government of the United States and that of Chili should fail to agree when the investigation should be terminated, and the two governments should have formed their final opinion, and we agreed that arbitration was the best means of settling the difficulty, and, advancing farther in this conciliatory spirit, we even formally agreed that the differences that might arise should be submitted to arbitration. This agreement to accept arbitration has been the basis of several of our conferences, especially that of the 18th inst., and no antecedent or fact interferring therewith has come to my knowledge.

Not a Persona Grata.

"In the conference which you were pleased to favor me on the 20th inst., I had the honor to state that the representative of the United States at Santiago was not a persona grata to the government of Chili, which would be very glad to receive another representative from the United States. You were pleased to acknowledge that the government of Chili has a right to ask that a change should be made. Afterwards, having your notice, I addressed to you, in writing, the same communication which I had made to you verbally."

Secretary Blaine, in answer to this, under date of Jan. 27, proceeds to correct some mistakes, which, from zeal for his country, Mr. Montt has made. Secretary Blaine insists that Mr. Montt's offer of arbitration was never unconditional and exact, and that the request for the recall of Mr. Egan should have been accompanied by reasons therefor.

ACCEPTS THE APOLOGY.

When Chili Salutes the Stars and Stripes All Will Be Well.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—When Chili has saluted the American flag the Baltimore incident will have closed. There will be no resort to the supreme court of the United States nor to a tribunal of arbitration. President Harrison's administration accepts the apology of the Chilian government in its broadest sense. With this feeling there will be no need of any intervention to settle the terms of settlement. The Chilian authorities having admitted that reparation is due, the arrangement of the amount of indemnity to be paid the families of the victims of the Valparaiso assault can easily be arranged through diplomatic channels.

These points were discussed briefly at the cabinet meeting Friday afternoon when Secretary Blaine outlined the instructions which were to be sent to Minister Egan in acknowledgment of Minister Pereira's note. It is understood that the secretary's answer was sent Saturday morning, and will be delivered by Minister Egan Monday. The Chilians will find nothing to complain of in it. The paper will be a notable one. It will show that President Harrison's administration, while firm in upholding the rights of those who wear the American uniform, has been moved by no unkindly feelings toward Chili. Minister Pereira's hearty expressions of good will will be met in the same spirit and there will be no caviling over the terms.

THAYER MUST STEP DOWN.

The United States Supreme Court Decides in Favor of Boyd.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The supreme court of the United States Monday decided the Boyd-Thayer gubernatorial case in favor of Boyd.

Anti-Lottery Law Valid.

The supreme court also decided the lottery case, upholding the law prohibiting the circulation through the mails of papers containing lottery advertisements.

The Great Spurgeon Dead.

MENTONE, Feb. 1.—The Rev. Charles Hadden Spurgeon died at twenty minutes past 11 o'clock Sunday night. His end was painless and he remained in the unconscious condition into which he had dropped to the last. His wife, Dr. Fitzhenry, and Mrs. Thorne were present when he died. Mr. Spurgeon's body will be taken to England for burial. Mrs. Spurgeon is bearing her affliction bravely. The Chronicle appears with a mourning border. It compares the dead pastor to Martin Luther. The Telegraph characterizes him as a "great, fearless and faithful minister." It adds: "Albeit if homely in genius and eloquence, all agree that he leaves a void that will be filled with difficulty."

Conflagration at Woodstock, Ills.

WOODSTOCK, Feb. 1.—Fire broke out in the Waverly hotel at midnight and before it could be brought under control had destroyed that building, a saloon, a billiard hall, an unoccupied store building, a boarding house, two livery stables and two small stores. The local fire department was unable to cope with the flames and help was sent for to outside towns, in response to which an engine came on a special train from Harvard, twelve miles distant. The Harvard engine was largely instrumental in saving the town from entire destruction. The total loss is about $50,000; partially insured.

Killed by Exploding Dynamite.

EGANVILLE, Ont., Feb. 1.—Another dynamite explosion took place at the Netherland Phosphate company's mines here. Three men named Prudhomme, Sauve and Marten were killed and a number of others severely injured.

Failure at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 1—William M. Donaldson & Co., art dealers at 118 Main street, have failed. The liabilities are $25,000, assets $15,000. Several preferences were given in the shape of chattel mortgages.

TELEGRAPHIC MELANGE.

News Items of Interest to the General Public.

FUNERAL OF A WEALTHY CHINAMAN.

He Starts on His Journey to the Unknown Well Supplied with Edibles and Valuable Jewelry—A Handsome German Girl Who Has a Mania for Kissing People—Baby Born Without Eyes—A Head of Dog's Hair.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2.—The largest Chinese funeral seen here in years was the last tribute Monday to Lee Ah Yuen, a rich pioneer Celestial who died on the eve of the Chinese New Year's. The body was brought out of the house in a rich coffin and placed amid funeral-baked meats on a large stand. The eatables comprised two roast goats, with heads and horns intact, six pigs, dozens of chickens, and many choice sweetmeats. A priest chanted prayers while the widow and children knelt in front of the coffin. Then came music and more prayers. The whole ceremonies lasted an hour and a half and were listened to with deep attention by hundreds of Chinese, who packed all the adjacent streets.

Will Be Taken to China.

The corpse was then escorted to the hearse, two men holding an umbrella over the coffin so that no ray of sunshine should reach the dead man's face, as this is held to be unlucky. Twelve carriages accommodated the deceased's relatives and 156 hacks were filled with mourning friends. All the eatables except the goats and pigs were loaded into a wagon and taken to the grave, the march to which was enlivened with the music of cymbals and a one string d fiddle. The coffin was of steel, in which the body will be shipped to China. Within it was place a ring worth $300 and a bracelet worth $900. The cost of the funeral was $3,000.

HAD A MANIA FOR KISSING.

The Antics of a Girl Whose Mind Is Somewhat Unbalanced.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Feb. 2.—There was an exciting time at the Grand Union station at Suspension Bridge Sunday, by the strange actions of a handsome German girl who was journeying from San Francisco to Germany. She rushed out on the tracks, climbed into the Western Union telegraph window, embraced and hugged Operator Donohue, and drove him out, sneaked into the Grand Trunk ticket office and kissed Agent Smith; had a tussle with a large, fleshy woman, and led Officer Jenny such a chase that he had to lock her up until her time came to take her train. She was ticketed to Hamburg by the Union line, and gave her name as Katinka Stein. She was sent home by relatives in California. Some love affair had caused her insanity.

After a Head of Dog Hair.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 2.—An army teamster named Jack Dalton is here trying to get a new head of hair. Jack was teaming near the Mexican line when renegade Apaches captured his outfit, shot and scalped him and left him for dead. He made his way to the nearest settlement, but his head was so neglected that he lost all his hair except a little fringe near the ears. Surgeons believe the skin of a dog may be grafted on his head, and Jack is now looking for a doctor who will guarantee the operation.

Marital Woes of a Minister.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Feb. 2.—The Rev. Albert Witham, pastor of a small church in Solon township, confessed himself a very badly abused husband in a bill for a divorce. He charges his wife with being jealous and suspicious, of threatening to kill and of calling him names before folk. The straw that broke his back, however, was when she struck him violently in the face with her fist in the presence of witnesses for not working the clothes wringer properly while helping her do the washing.

Born Without Eyes.

ST. JOSEPH, Mich., Feb. 2.—A child has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Jagler, living near here, which may be regarded as one of the greatest living curiosities. The babe is absolutely without eyes, there being no cavities even where the orbs of vision should be located. It is a strong, healthy child and perfectly developed in every other respect. It excites great curiosity.

Fell 750 Feet Down a Shaft.

PANA, Ills., Feb. 2.—Peter George, a coal miner, met with a terrible accident here. While working about the mouth of the Penwell mine he was struck on the head by a timber and knocked to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of 750 feet. His body was crushed into an unrecognizable mass.

Suicide in the Court Room.

EASTON, Pa., Feb. 2.—Preston M. Garnet of Bethlehem, a young member of the Northampton county bar, shot himself in the court house Tuesday morning just as the second day's trial of a suit against him for embezzling funds coming into his hands as an attorney was beginning. He cannot recover.

Cleveland to Speak at Detroit.

DETROIT, Feb. 2.—It is now positively settled that ex-President Cleveland will deliver an address at the university on Feb. 22 at 3 p. m. A public reception will be tendered him in the city of Detroit on the evening of the 23d. For this purpose the Light Infantry armory has been secured. It is the purpose of the committee on invitation to make all who come welcome and not to confine it to citizens of Detroit only. There will be no evening dress, cards or other formalities, as it is known to be in accordance with Mr. Cleveland's preferences on such occasions to have a people's reception if any.

Been in the Debris Five Weeks.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 2.—The remains of an Italian were found Monday in the debris of Sailla & Fugassi's fruit store, 535 Liberty street, which was destroyed by fire about five weeks ago. The firm employed a number of Italians, and it is supposed the body is one of them. No report had been made of any one being missing.

Will Be Buried at Sandringham.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—The body of the duke of Clarence will remain in the memorial chapel until the queen returns to Windsor, when it will be taken to Sandringham hall and be buried by the side of an infant brother of the duke.

PERILOUS UNDERTAKING.

A Diver to Risk His Life Where Four Others Have Failed.

DULUTH, Minn., Feb. 2.—M. F. Chalk, the celebrated diver of this place, has gone to Alpena, where he will undertake to find the wreck of the Pewabic and raise it. The vessel went down twenty-five years ago in 120 feet of water. Four attempts have been made to raise the vessel, in each of which the diver lost his life. Of all the four only one lived to reach the surface. The pressure of the icy water was so enormous that life was squeezed out. Diver Chalk has a contract with several wealthy Michigan men, who pay him $1,000 for the attempt, guarantee his life insurance in case he dies, pay all expenses of experiments, etc., and in case they are able to bring up the wreck they agree to divide the cargo equally.

Valuable Cargo.

The Pewabic is loaded with 550 tons of pig copper, valued at $165,000, as well as $3,000 worth of imperishable freight. The diver has had a helmet made that will stand 450 pounds pressure to the inch, and besides the usual rubber dress will wear a wrought iron vest and special steel devices over his arm and leg joints to do away with some of the water pressure. He is confident of success, and expects to follow it by locating and raising several sunken silver and copper cayors in other parts of the lakes that are of greater value, but are in deeper water.

COMSTOCK CRITICISED.

He Practiced Fraud in Order to Convict a Bookseller.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 2.—C. N. Caspar, the antiquarian bookstore man, charged with sending obscene literature through the mails, went before Judge Jenkins of the federal court and pleaded guilty. His attorney asked for clemency on the ground that Caspar had sold the goods only under the most strict inspection of the character of his customers and without the knowledge of his clerks—every precaution having been taken to prevent the works falling into the hands of the young—and that he was ignorant of the enormity of his offense before the law.

Under an Assumed Name.

The case was brought upon the evidence of Anthony Comstock, who, under an assumed name and from a small village in Vermont, had been able to induce the defendant to mail him some of the objectionable matter. Judge Jenkins not only exercised executive clemency, but took occasion to severely criticise Comstock. Before imposing the lightest fine possible, which was promptly paid, the judge said:

"There are some offenses worse than the circulation of obscene literature. One of them is the practice of fraud and lying, of which Anthony Comstock has apparently been guilty. Mr. Comstock may be able to reconcile his conduct with the laws of God and of humanity, but this court can not do so."

Hall Does Some Knocking Out.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—Jim Hall accomplished a feat Monday night that Kilrain, Dempsey and other pugilistic lights have attempted in vain, and knocked out Mike Boden, of Philadelphia, in four rounds. Boden made no attempt to fight, but tried to wear out his opponent by hugging him and failing in that he deliberately fouled Hall, and in the third round Boden sank his teeth into Hall's glove. The Australian hammered the big fellow at will, and in the fourth round the latter was helpless. Jack King, the man who recently faced Peter Jackson, then went against Hall, and was put to sleep in the third round.

Set Fire to a Castle.

BERLIN, Feb. 1.—An attempt was made Sunday to fire the royal castle at Konigsberg. The incendiary got access to the main tower, poured petroleum over one of the floors and then set fire to it. Smoke and flames burst from the tower, and for a time there was a lively scare, the whole town turning out to witness the conflagration. The fire, however, was got under control before it had done much damage. The incendiary made good his escape, and no clew has been found to him up to the present.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Earnings.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—Burlington earnings come out of the year 1891 with flying colors. The total gross is $221,789 ahead of the earnings for 1890; the net earnings are $231,914 in advance and the balance, after charges are paid, $662,112 above the showing for the previous year. Six months ago this result looked impossible, but the phenomenally large traffic for a few months past, coupled with the fact that earnings a year ago were greatly depressed, thus emphasizing the gains, has made this showing possible.

A Guard That's Good at Dodging.

DENVER, Feb. 2.—"Peg Leg" and Bert Curtis, the famous bandits who are in the county jail under sentence for life for robbing a Rio Grande train, made a desperate attempt to escape Sunday night. They in some way secured a razor, and when the guard came into their cell they grabbed him and holding the blade to his throat demanded the keys. The guard yelled and dodged the razor and other employes came to the rescue, and after a fight succeeded in getting the razor.

Murder at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—Peter Gallagher and Charles Maguire, two stock yards toughs, got into a quarrel in Casey's saloon, and Maguire began to shoot. William Cagney, a bystander, was instantly killed, and Gallagher received a bullet in his lungs that will probably cause his death. The men in the saloon took up the quarrel and would have made short work of Maguire had not the police arrived in time to save him.

Dynamite on the Track.

KEARNEY, Neb., Feb. 2.—A large dynamite cartridge was found securely wedged in a switch frog on the Union Pacific track near West Kearney. The cartridge was all ready for business and would have wrecked the eastbound flyer, which was about due when the explosive was discovered by two small boys. They removed the cartridge and turned it over to the police.

Battleship Victoria Ashore.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—Dispatches from Athens say that the work of lightering the battleship Victoria ashore on the coast of Greece, is proceeding and that no attempt to pull her off will be made until this work is completed and until the large steam pumps which are used for such purposes have been fitted into her.

Swiss Consul to Chicago.

BERNE, Feb. 2.—Mr. Holinger, a banker of this city, has been appointed consul for Switzerland at Chicago.

1892 February. 1892						
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NUGGETS OF NEWS.

Important Happenings of a Week Given in Condensed Form.

The church of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, pastor of the Universalists of Norwich, Conn., in the superabundance of its caution lest the communion cup lead the weak-willed to intemperance, has substituted for wine in the service of the sacrament water harmlessly colored.

The bank of Jefferson, at Shepherdstown, W. Va., has closed its doors. The loss to stockholders will be heavy, it is thought.

It is alleged that the North and South American Construction company, of which Francis W. Egan, a son of the United States minister, is a representative, has a bill for $5,750,000 against the Chilian government.

Dr. J. L. Bauer, a member of the faculty of the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons, has been expelled for violating medical ethics.

Fire destroyed the building and plant of the Danville Ice company, at Danville, Va., causing a loss of $75,000.

Colonel Soufflot, once in the armies of Napoleon, celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birth in Paris a few days ago. In honor of the event he was made a commander of the Legion of Honor.

August W. Myer was murdered and robbed in his office at Savannah, Ga. The murderers, five negroes, have been arrested.

Three 8-inch steel guns, each weighing 31,000 pounds and capable of shooting an 800-pound projectile eight miles, have been shipped to San Francisco from the Watervliet gun factory at Albany, N. Y.

The Pacific Mail company has offered to have sixteen steamships, capable of carrying 1,200 men each, ready for sea in from one to two weeks if war is declared against Chili.

George Himes, Aaron Hatfield and George Medlem, living near Goshen, Ind., have been sentenced to the penitentiary for stealing wheat from farmers.

John Norris pleaded guilty in the United States court at Keokuk, Ia., to robbing the postoffice at Clarksburg, in that state Dec. 21 last. He was sentenced to the penitentiary.

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The leader of the anarchists who recently attacked the city of Xeres, Spain, has been captured.

Harrison Parker's store at Millen, Ga., was blown up with dynamite. The wreck caught fire and with an adjoining store burned, causing a loss of $10,000. The motive for the crime is unknown.

Leland Stanford's brown colt Baby McKee has been sold for $25,000.

In a fight between horse thieves and deputy sheriffs in Claiborne county, Tenn., Deputy Thompson was shot through the heart. One of the outlaws was fatally wounded and two others captured. The people are preparing to lynch the men under arrest.

Clearfield (Pa.) coal miners have demanded an advance for mining what is known as "low coal." Operators refuse to grant the advance.

Fred Lipman of Byron Center, Wis., was thrown off a load of logs. The logs rolled upon him, killing him instantly.

Fire destroyed the Chester (S. C.) cotton factory. Loss, $220,000; insurance $150,000.

Henry Hawthorne has obtained judgment at Salem, Ills., in the circuit court for $2,000 against the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Consolidated Railway company for the loss of a leg cut off by the cars.

Edward Decernes of New York has bought the bay mare Nellie Wilkes (2:18¼) for $8,000.

The harvesting of ice on Lake Winnebago at Oshkosh has been begun. It is fifteen inches thick. About 40,000 tons will be put in.

During a revival at the Free Methodist church at Freedom, Pa., Mrs. William Bashore, wife of a prominent hotel proprietor, went into a trance and has not yet been revived.

Near Cumberland Gap, Ky., four laborers, whose names are unknown, were killed by an explosion. They were thawing some blasting cartridges.

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The Democrats are trying to get the exposition building, Chicago, for their national convention.

Colonel John O'Keefe of Creston, widely known in Iowa as a leader among anti-prohibition Republicans, has received notice of the death of his aunt, Mrs. Bridget Hess, at Melbourne, Australia, who bequeathed him £1,500.

The "Soo" road has begun cutting rates from St. Paul to eastern points.

United States Minister to Italy Albert G. Porter is said to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of Indiana.

The New York senate finance committee decided to report favorably without amendment Cantor's bill appropriating $300,000 for the state exhibit at the World's fair.

William Tyndall, an Indian, living near Bancroft, Neb., will file an application for a pension. He served in the civil war.

Three men were seriously injured in a collision on the Lake Shore at Ottawa Lake, Mich.

Miss Palmer, who sold mustard seed for silk worm eggs, has been convicted at Topeka, Kan., of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Charles A. Moses of Chicago has been awarded the contract for building the new La Porte county, Ind., courthouse for $190,241.

It is possible that a fast mail train will be put on between New York and Chicago which will make the trip in eighteen and one-half hours.

Mr. Young has introduced into the lower house of the Iowa legislature a bill to appropriate $300,000 for the World's fair exhibit.

Fred Pfeffer has issued a card in which he says that he will play with Louisville next summer if he can secure his release from the Chicago team. In case that it is not granted he will permanently retire from active base ball.

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The Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, addressed the Mississippi legislature by the joint request of both houses.

The Glidden & Joy Varnish company of Cleveland has filed an involuntary petition in insolvency against Herrman, Richardson & Co., manufacturers of children's carriages at Leomister, Massr. with offices in Boston. Debts about $173,000 and assets $175,000.

Rufus Cordell, a Burlington brakeman, was killed in the yards at Galesburg, Ills.

Elections have been held in fifty five districts of Hungary, in forty of which Liberals have been returned. So great is the excitement that troops have been sent into the rural districts to preserve order.

There is no improvement in the condition of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. He is drowsy, but is conscious when he is addressed.

The treasurer of the New York Base Ball club reports that the club lost $5,448 last season.

Thieves broke into the box office at the Chicago Auditorium and stole $1,800 worth of tickets for the Patti concerts.

It is alleged that the United States School Furniture company of Chicago is organized for the purpose of buying up all the large furniture factories in the United States.

A careful count of the population of Iowa City shows 8,051, as compared with 7,016 in 1890. The count does not include 2,000 students in the State university and other schools.

Will Duncan, a weathy miller of Agency, Mo., was caught in a drive wheel in his mill and was ground to pieces.

Richard Ten Broeck, the once noted turfman, lost a divorce suit at Redwood City, Cal.

The New York, Chicago and St. Louis has declared a yearly dividend of 3 per cent. on first preferred stock.

The wheat crop of North Dakota for 1891 is estimated at 64,713,328 bushels, or 22.58 bushels to the acre.

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William Hesse was caught in the act of stealing a pair of trousers in a Louisville store. When an officer came to arrest him he committed suicide by cutting his throat.

Frank Zano, aged 20, married Rose Cooke, aged 17, at Rockford, O. His father-in-law had him arrested on a charge of perjury in swearing that the girl was of age. Zano shot himself while in jail, inflicting a fatal wound.

The Butler County bank at Chicora, Pa. has failed. The deposits exceed $50,000, but it is said that all will be paid.

John Price, a colored veteran of Detroit, received $750 back pension. The same afternoon he got married, he and his wife got drunk, and the next morning both went to jail in default of a $6 fine.

At Washington the Ohio Republicans' association gave a reception to Senator John Sherman in honor of his sixth election to the United States senate.

Secretary and Mrs. Foster have returned to Washington.

The steamship Polaria from Stettin, which is some days overdue, has arrived at New York. Some anxiety had been felt as to the safety of the Polaria, as she left Stettin Jan. 5.

Bob Jones and Lee Davis, members of the Parton faction, were waylaid and killed by Perry Turner and his men near Pineville, Ky. Turner is considered to be one of the most desperate outlaws in that region.

Four men at Thompsons, Tex., captured and hung Joe Shields to a tree. No cause is known.

Dave Johnson of Trinidad, Colo., shot and killed Boss Perry of the Prairie Cattle company. Johnson was arrested.

A 5-month-old child of Martin Silon was smothered to death by too much wrapping while the family was out driving near St. Mary's, O.

Cyrus W. Field is likely to die at any moment, his physician says. He is much worse than at any time since he was taken ill.

At Woonsocket, S. D., Bob Wood, a brakeman, while coupling cars was run over and had both legs cut off.

* * *

Severe floods prevail in the Scottish highlands. A part of the city of Perth is inundated, and in many portions of the country the railways have been flooded.

A public hall at Ilfracombe, County of Devon, England, on which a number of men were at work, collapsed. Two of the men were killed and seven were dangerously injured.

Talton Hall, on trial at Roanoke, Va., for the murder of Policeman Hylton of Norton, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. Hall was taken to Lynchburg for safekeeping.

Six thousand engineers employed in the works on the rivers Weare, Tyne, and Tees have struck in consequence of a dispute regarding payment for overtime.

The Republican convention of the Seventh Mississippi district named Jackson as the place and Feb. 22 as the time for selecting delegates to the national Republican convention.

The crew of the steam tug Edward Webster, which foundered off the New Jersey coast was rescued by the schooner Everett Webster.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—E. S. Willard.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Liliputians, "The Pupil in Magic."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Modjeska in repertory.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Eight Bells."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Incog."

HAYMARKET THEATRE,
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Dr. Bill."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Boston Howard Athenæum Co.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"EDWARD BERRY," City.—The first general convention of the Irish Land League in America was held at McCormick Hall, in this city, Nov. 19 and 20 and Dec. 1, 1881. Local conventions were previously held in Boston and elsewhere.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

AMERICAN OPINION AND MR. EGAN.

The aggravated assaults on the character, standing and ability of Minister Egan by a portion of the Democratic press are, we are informed by a telegram from New York, producing alarm in the ranks of the Tammany society in that city, because its members recognize the fact that a continuance of such indecent vituperation will estrange a large number of Irish-American voters during the fast approaching presidential campaign. The resolution introduced in congress by Representative Arnold, of Missouri, a regular mossback, for the recall of Mr. Egan from Chili has augmented the panic of Tammany, and the Irish element of the Democratic party in general are cursing him up hill and down dale for what they call his idiotic meddlesomeness. The president, even if the resolution should ever emerge from the committee on foreign relations, to which it was referred, will, of course, ignore the impertinent action of Mr. Arnold, as he has a perfect right to do. In fact every blow aimed at Mr. Egan is intended to hit the president also, but it is a short sighted policy on the part of Mr. Arnold and those who act with him.

Meanwhile, the Republican press is making the most of the situation. The Indianapolis *Journal*, which may be regarded as representing the sentiments of Mr. Harrison's friends in Indiana, says, in a recent issue:

"From the time that Mr. Egan went to Chili he became a target for the abuse of English correspondents, whose charges were printed in the British press and eagerly copied and commented on by mugwump papers in this country. There was no question as to his ability, of his devotion to American interests, or of his fitness to discharge the duties of the office. But from the day of his arrival in Chili he was maligned, misrepresented, abused and vilified with truly British persistence, and these attacks, first exploited in British papers, were promptly copied on this side. The trouble with Mr. Egan was that he was an Irishman and had incurred the displeasure of the British government. As a recent British author expresses it, 'this ill chosen representative has for many years stood beyond the pale of British society.' As if this government or people cared whether their minister to Chili stood well in Great Britain or not. Even admitting that he was distasteful to Englishmen, this fact need not have hurt him in the estimation of Chilians, and would not have done so but for the persistent efforts of British meddlers to bring him into disfavor.

"So untiring and malignant have been these efforts that it is probably safe to say that no American minister to any foreign country ever had a more trying time than Mr. Egan had in Chili. Not only have his acts and words been misrepresented and distorted, and his character maligned, but his footsteps have been dogged, members of his family have been insulted and his residence has been, for weeks at a time, kept under police surveillance, under the pretense of watching for Chilian refugees who had sought an asylum there. During all these trying scenes Mr. Egan has done nothing unbecoming a gentleman or a ministerial representative of the United States, and has well maintained the dignity and honor of the American name."

"It is greatly to the credit of the administration that it has stood by Mr. Egan in spite of the efforts of his enemies to break him down and drive him out of office. It has said, in effect, to the British correspondents and press: 'Mr. Egan was appointed as an American citizen, without reference to the wishes of the British government or the feelings of Englishmen, and as long as he continues to do his duty he will be sustained by his government.' Any other course would have been cowardly and un-American. The government of the United States cannot allow the status of American citizens or its official treatment of them to be dictated by foreign governments. Many years ago Hon. Carl Schurz was appointed minister to Spain. He was a refugee from Germany and in disfavor with the German government. Suppose that German merchants, correspondents and editors had made war on him and tried to drive him out of office? The American people would have rallied as one man to his support. So they should to the support of Mr. Egan, and so they would but for the prevalence of an unpatriotic and un American feeling which takes delight in echoing British views of American affairs. There is nothing the matter with Mr. Egan, unless to be an Irishman and a Republican and an object of hatred to Englishmen constitute a cause of offense. On this very account he occupies a peculiarly representative position, and fully deserves the firm support he has received from this government."

The foregoing article, apart entirely from political considerations, contains sound American doctrine—broad, liberal and comprehensive American doctrine—and clearly shows that, whatever selfishly interested parties may think about it, the movement of a portion of the Irish American voters into the Republican camp in 1884, and again in 1888, has had an excellent effect on liberal American public opinion. Other articles from American daily newspapers, quoted elsewhere in THE CITIZEN, show the growth of friendship for independent Irishmen, born in the American mind by the bold stand taken by a few men of the race in a great politico-economic crisis. The editorial utterances referred to show also that England's game and animus are well understood by our non-Irish fellow citizens, and that is a great point gained for our people in this country and throughout the world.

The time will come when the short-sighted or prejudiced Irish Americans, who denounced as renegades and traitors the men of their blood who supported Blaine in 1884, and Harrison four years later, must confess their error, and recognize that the independence of the human mind in politics, as in other things, cannot be a crime in Irishmen when it is recognized as a virtue in other branches of the human family.

A NEW IRISH STORY.

The opening chapters of "Under the White Cockade," a stirring story of the penal times in Ireland, and of the deeds of the Irish Brigade in the French service on the continent of Europe, by the gifted novelist, Mr. P. G. Smyth, author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," etc, will appear in the next issue of THE CITIZEN, and will be continued through several numbers. Those who have read Mr. Smyth's "Gael and Gaul," a story of '98, in the columns of THE CITIZEN, will be pleased to accompany the brilliant author in his descriptions of the wild and warlike scenes through which his hero passes.

THE TORY PRESS INSULTS AMERICA.

The English Tory liver is badly out of order in consequence of Uncle Sam's firm stand in the Chilian controversy. Hitherto the English Tory posed as the great immortal "jingo" of the world, and he hates to have a rival, even when the rivalship is created by righteous indignation and not by the bullying spirit which hurled England's battalions on Magdala, Coomassie, and Burmah. It is well known, and generally acknowledged, even by liberal Englishmen, that jealousy of the rivalry of the United States in South American commerce prompted the following diatribes which appeared in the leading Tory papers of England last week:

"LONDON, Jan. 30.—The Chilian controversy and the president's message have taken up much room in the great English dailies during the week. The tone of the press generally has been bitter and carping against the United States. No matter what the facts in the case may be, the English press feels in duty bound to attack the United States merely for the purpose of weakening American influence in the southern republics and to strengthen British interests.

"Today's weekly political papers contain long leaders on the subject, and, while they agree that Chili has been slow in making reparation in answer to the just demands of the United States, yet they cannot refrain from joyful expressions at the loss of American prestige in South America.

"*Spectator:* 'The most important fact of the incident is, we fancy, that it knocked the bottom out of Mr. Blaine's famous scheme of exerting political influence over the South American continents. The coercion of Chili has banished that to the limbo in which reside such schemes as the British protectorate of Asia Minor and the conquest of Madagascar by the French. The Spanish Americans of the various republics no doubt hate each other very bitterly, but feel nevertheless that the world is divided into those who speak Spanish and those who do not. Hence every Spanish State from the Gulf of Mexico to Cape Horn will agree in resenting the bullying of Chili. That Blaine's jingo dream is dispelled we cannot profess to feel the slightest regret for; indeed we are heartily glad of the collapse. That this is due to no unfriendly feeling toward the United States cannot be necessary for us to declare. Our sympathy for our kinsmen over the sea is of too long standing and well known to make any such explanation requisite. We are glad that Mr. Blaine's idea of hegemony in South America has had the blow which destroys it, because we believe had it been carried out, or even had serious attempts been made to carry it out, the result to the welfare of the United States would be disastrous. The prosperity of the United States is due in no small measure to freedom from foreign complications and attempt on her part to found an imperium over dependent states. The moment she enters upon a career of jingoism her prosperity and well being are imperiled. If we wished America ill we should regret the destruction of Mr. Blaine's house of cards. As it is, we rejoice that an accident made it more than unlikely that she will ever again attempt to claim political hegemony for the New World.'

"The *Speaker*: 'It is to be feared that delay in giving reparation will seriously weaken the position of the new Chilian government, and possibly bring about its fall. The Chilians are very proud of their history and are confident of their ability to protect themselves. They are little inclined, therefore, to humiliate themselves before the United States and are apt to think not only that the United States has been playing a game of brag, but that it is encouraged by what has now happened to put forward intolerable pretensions. Only there would be too much danger then that public feeling would revolt against what it considers a national humiliation and may plunge the country once more into disorder.'

"*Saturday Review*: 'With care the Chilian question may be made to serve again during the nine months before the presidential election, at least till the Republican candidate is chosen and America knows whether it is expected to elect Mr. Blaine or the president, who has been so tender of its honor as to give a refugee Irishman, chosen to represent the United States at Santiago, a certificate of character. If Chili is not available a substitute can easily be found. Or say that the English minister at Washington holds views on the relative merits of English and American oysters, which would call for a screaming rebuke from the American eagle. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew might write for his opinion. But the worthy or unworthy conduct of President Harrison puts him in a distinctly ridiculous position that can do him little good in the long run. What is called American humor is often as dull as it is vulgar, but Americans have a sense of the ridiculous enough to see the absurdity of the gentleman who has announced that he will kick the door open or die when he had every reason to believe that it was open and no enemy behind it.'"

Americans can afford to despise the brute blackguardism of the English Tory press, which, as will be seen by the foregoing excerpts, is as bitter as it was in the days of George III. The Tory party of England, like the Bourbons of France, never forgets and never learns anything—unless when it is kicked into a better state of intellect.

MR. FINERTY'S MONTANA VISIT.

Mr. John F. Finerty will lecture in Butte City, Montana, on March 4; and will speak at other points in that state during the same month. Mr. Finerty will gladly renew his old and pleasant acquaintance with the men of the Far West, with whom, in earlier years, he enjoyed the keen pleasures of the then rough frontier. Truly a score of years have made a wonderful change in the great region that has so often heard the war-whoop of the wild Indian, on its plains and among its mountains. Butte, Helena, and Anaconda are now familiar as household words throughout the world, and their sister cities are keeping close to them in the race of prosperity.

MRS. ADELAIDE GAVIN.

Mrs. Adelaide T. Gavin, relict of the late Jas. B. Gavin, of this city, and daughter of Mrs. E. McCormick, died rather unexpectedly of a complication of maladies at Denver, Col., in the early part of last week. Mrs. Gavin was a lady of striking beauty of face and gracefulness of figure and manner, and was a universal favorite in Chicago. Her remains were conveyed by train from Denver to this city, and were brought to the house of her cousin, Mr. Charles R. Lynch, of Marshfield avenue. Thence they were escorted by a large cortege on Wednesday morning to St. Mary's Catholic church, where religious services were held. Mrs. Gavin was a recent convert to the Catholic faith, and died full of the consolation which the church affords to the faithful. Her husband was a brother of the late gifted and lamented Emily Gavin, whose death in the city of Algiers some years ago caused great sorrow among her friends in Chicago and elsewhere. The remains of Mrs. Gavin were interred at Calvary cemetery. The pall-bearers were Maj W. C. McClure, C. G. Mulhall, W. Tucker, E. W. Eldridge, W. E. Wright and C. S. Mulhall, Jr.

The Irish National Weekly, a handsome, sprightly journal of pronounced opinions, under the editorship of the Hon. John P. Sutton, secretary of the Irish National League of America, has just been published at Lincoln, Neb. The frontispiece of No. 1, Vol. I, is a very handsomely executed portrait of the Hon. John Fitzgerald, ex president of the Irish National League. A very interesting sketch of that patriotic gentleman's successful career accompanies the portrait. The paper is well printed and will, no doubt, have a large circulation. THE CITIZEN gives it fraternal greeting.

EX SENATOR INGALLS doesn't believe in a navy. Cannon balls fired from foreign war ships in New York or San Francisco harbor would never land in Kansas. John J. has an eye out for the economical farmer. "Objector" Holman and he would make a good team.

MRS REDMOND, mother of John E. and W. H. K. Redmond, M.P's, died of acute bronchitis at her residence, No. 18 Belvidere place, Dublin, on Jan. 18. Her father was the late Major Hoey, of Hoeyfield, county Wicklow, who was cousin german of the late George Henry Moore, of Moore Hall, Mayo, M.P.

THE venerable Lord Ffrench, formerly of Castle Ffrench, county Galway, and more recently of Elm Park, Merrion, near Dublin, died of influenza on Jan. 19, aged 82 years. He was the son of "the old lord," mentioned as "Sir Thomas Ffrench, a fine young fellow," in Wolfe Tone's Memoirs. Lord Ffrench, like nearly all of his family, was a patriot of the Grattan school. No children survive him.

MR. AND MRS. P. J. SEXTON, No. 1340 Michigan avenue, sustained a great bereavement last week in the death of their youngest child, a bright and handsome little boy in his fourth year. The malady which carried him off was that most deadly of diseases in this climate, diphtheria. Mr. and Mrs. Sexton have the unfeigned sympathy of all their friends and acquaintances in their deep sorrow.

THE STANDARD GUIDE TO CHICAGO.

The revised edition of the Standard Guide to Chicago will be issued about Feb. 15. Mr. John J. Flinn, the compiler, has been engaged upon the work of revision during the past three months, and the new edition will show many and marked improvements over that of last year. The entire book has been completely overhauled. Several thousand new topics are covered in the encyclopedia, and numerous new and handsome engravings have been added. Immediately following the publication of this work will appear Mr. Flinn's "Hand Book of the World's Columbian Exposition," a volume of about 400 pages, pocket size, illustrated with pictures of all the buildings on the exposition grounds, scenes, etc. This book will be devoted to the information concerning the World's Fair, but in addition all other attractions offered by Chicago to the visitor will be pointed out and described. There will also be a department containing a condensed guide to the city of Chicago. Both of these books will be published by the Standard Guide Company (Flinn & Sheppard), 358 Dearborn street. Mr. Flinn has also in hand two other volumes—"Christofero Columbo and other Poems" and "Saxony and other Yarns." The former volume will comprise in addition to his poem on Columbus a large number of poems written within the past two years, together with those which have appeared from time to time in the press and magazines of the country, sometimes over his own name and sometimes over various nom de plumes. The second book will contain Mr. Flinn's letters from Saxony, Bavaria and Prussia, together with his Yellowstone and other sketches. These volumes will also be issued by the Standard Guide Company.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN FOLEY.

Mr. John Foley, one of Chicago's oldest citizens, was laid to rest at Calvary cemetary Monday morning. The funeral services, which were held in the chapel at the church of the Holy Name, were conducted by the Rev. Father Dore. The pall bearers were Charles Mathews, A. Swanson, Henry Dunlap, George Gillman, Wm A. Taylor, J. McCormick and Chas. J. Parker. Mr. Foley died Friday morning week at the home of his son, Thomas Foley, No. 245 Superior street, at the age of 98 years. He was born in Cashel, county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1794. In 1849 he came to this country, and five years later came to Chicago. His son, Mr. Thomas Foley, is one of the best known residents of this city, and has been prominent in business and political circles during the last 25 years. In his youth he was the champion billiard player of America. He is very popular with all who have come in contact with him.

Mr. O'Gallagher Volunteers.

When hostilities seemed imminent on Jan. 21, and President Harrison sent his ultimatum to the government of Chili, Francis B. O'Gallagher, of the United States customs service, after ascertaining that Captain Ford, of the Chicago Zouaves, was ready to offer his services to the United States in the impending conflict, applied for admission, on that date, to the ranks of the Zouaves, Illinois National Guard, through Lieut. John O'Reilly, in order to learn the drill and military tactics of that celebrated company, with a view to ultimate service in Chili.

THE DAYS OF '65.

Stirring Description of the Arrest and Celebrated Escape of James Stephens From Richmond Jail.

One of the Most Remarkable Episodes of Modern Times in Ireland.

"Where was Stephens all this time? Calm and undisturbed, living openly enough in a pretty suburban villa not two miles from Dublin Castle. Proclamations offering £200 for his arrest were scattered all over the country, and a description of his person was posted at every barrack door. Thousands of policemen, hundreds of spies and detectives, were exerting every effort of ingenuity to discover his whereabouts; all in vain. They scrutinized every railway passenger; they laid hands on every commercial traveler who happened in any way to resemble his description. They had a keen eye for everything that might seem like a disguise. They never thought of looking for him in no disguise at all! 'Mr. Herbert,' of Fairfield house, Sandymount, affected no concealment. He lived, no doubt, very much at home, but he might be seen nearly every day in his flower garden or greenhouse busily arranging his geraniums or tending his japonicas. He lived well, kept a good cellar, and had his house furnished tastefully. It never occurred to the detective mind that a placid looking gentleman so deeply immersed in horticulture could be concerned in politics. 'Mr. Herbert,' no doubt, went into town occasionally in the evenings. On the night of the seizure he was at the lodgings of one of the Fenian organizers (Flood) in Denzille street, giving interviews, one by one, to the agents and subordinates who waited in an anteroom. Suddenly James O'Connor, of the *Irish People*, entered and asked for 'the Captain.' His manner was a little disturbed, but on being told he should wait he sat down quite composedly till his turn came. On being shown into Stephens' room, he told the news: the office was in the hands of the police; Rossa and several of their comrades had been arrested; search and seizure were being fiercely prosecuted all around. Stephens excitedly rushed into the anteroom with the intelligence. The assembled confederates exhibited their surprise and emotion in various ways. There was one among them particularly who displayed what looked like intense astonishment and concern. This was Pierce Nagle, the paid spy of the government—who knew all!

"They separated for their homes. Mr. Stephens reached Fairfield House in safety, and soundly slept; but several of the others found themselves in the police cells before morning—with the rest, Pierce Nagle. It was only when next day they were brought up before the magistrates for formal committal that each was able to know how many of his friends shared his fate. Much they wondered who among them had played false—who would appear at the critical moment in the witness box against them! They did not know he was that moment standing in their midst, apparently a prisoner like themselves. At length, after Pierce had played the role of 'martyr' for a few days, it was deemed time for him to step forth in his true character, his evidence in court being required. When the day arrived, and their former comrade, the trusted servant and agent of their chief, stepped on the table as crown witness, to swear them to the scaffold, the doomed men exchanged glances of despair—the despair that flings hope away, not that which quails before disaster.

"Two months passed by, and still all search for Stephens was in vain. A special commission was issued for the trial of Luby, O'Leary, Rossa, and others, on the approaching 27th of November. The story now circulated and universally believed was that Stephens had solemnly announced these men were in no danger—nay, that they and their prosecutors would exchange positions ere many days! Early in November the Dublin police remarked that Mrs. Stephens was seen in Dublin very much as usual. They tracked her on several evenings toward Sandymount, and always lost her in the neighborhood of 'Mr. Herbert's' house. An extra police force was immediately stationed in the district, and a minute search, house by house, road by road, was prosecuted. On Thursday, the 9th of November, Mrs. Stephens was observed to leave Fairfield House and proceed toward Dublin. She was dogged through the city and back to her home by female spies. The police now decided that the man they wanted was within their power. On Friday evening the house was stealthily surrounded and watched by a number of detectives. Many circumstances convinced them the conspirator was within. That the struggle to capture him would be desperate and bloody was the conviction in every mind. About an hour before dawn on Saturday morning, the whole of the 'G' division of police, under the personal command of Colonel Lake, C.B., surrounded the house. Six divisional inspectors scaled the garden wall and knocked at the back door of the house. A voice, which two of them recognized as that of Stephens, asked from within, 'Who is there? Is that Corrigan?' meaning, it would seem, the gardener, who usually came to his work at an early hour in the morning.

"The answer was, 'Police.'

"'I cannot let you in. I am undressed,' said the C.O.I.R.

"'If you do not open this instant, we will burst the door,' rejoined Inspector Hughes.

"Stephens, who was in his night dress, ran through the hall to the front door, looked out, and saw that the house was surrounded. He returned to the back door, undid the bolts, and rushed upstairs to his bedroom. He was quickly and closely followed by the police, who suspected some deep design in this easy admittance. In the bedroom were Mrs. Stephens and her sister. Detective officers Dawson and Hughes reached the room at a few bounds. The former, who knew the Fenian chief, called out, 'How are you, Stephens?'

"Stephens looked angrily at the speaker and cried out, 'Who the devil are you?'

"'I am Dawson,' said the detective, with professional pride in the conviction that every one—at all events every one concerned in illegal practices—must have heard of 'Dawson.'

"'Dawson! Oh, indeed! I have read about you,' replied the Head Centre, who leisurely proceeded to dress himself. While this scene was proceeding in Stephens' bedroom, the other apartments of the house had been rapidly filled with police, and other captures barely less important were effected. In a bedroom close by were found Charles J. Kickham, Hugh Brophy, and Edward Duffy, the latter of whom might have been not incorrectly called the life and soul of the Fenian movement west of the Shannon. Under their pillows were found four Colt's revolvers, loaded and capped. A large sum of money—nearly £9,000 in notes, gold, and drafts—was also found in the room. The house evidently had been provisioned as the intended refuge of several persons for some weeks. Large quantities of bacon, flour, groceries, wines, spirits, etc, were stored on the premises. The strong force of police in and around the house showed to all the captives the fruitlessness of resistance. They quietly dressed themselves, and long ere the neighboring dwellers were astir, or knew of the astonishing drama that had been enacted amid the parterres of Fairfield House, the whole party were carried off and secured under bolts and bars in Dublin Castle.

It was approaching noon before the news got abroad. Then indeed the city broke forth into excitement that was not half terror. The dreaded C.O.I.R. was actually in custody. Now might every one sleep with easy mind. No 'rising' need be apprehended. No lurid flame of civil war would redden the midnight sky. Exultation beamed on every detective's face. 'We have done it,' might be read in the toss of every policeman's head as he proudly paced his beat.

"On the following Tuesday the four prisoners were brought before the magistrate in the lower Castle yard. The van which conveyed them was accompanied by a mounted escort with drawn sabres, and preceded and followed by a number of cars conveying policemen armed with cutlass and revolver. Along the route the patrols had been well strengthened, and every precaution taken against a rescue. There was great anxiety to catch a glimpse of the celebrated Fenian chief, who since the arrests of the 15th of September had become for the first time a popular hero. The police escorts and guards, however, prevented any one from approaching. Not a glance could be exchanged with the object of all this curiosity. A distinguished party of viceregal visitors or friends, and some of the higher executive functionaries—including Lord Chelmsford, Sir Robert Peel, Colonel Lake, Mr. Wodehouse, private secretary to the lord lieutenant, and others—were accommodated with seats in the magistrate's room, having shared the general desire for a look at 'the Captain.' Indeed it is said the lady of one of them successfully pleaded for a glimpse of Stephens and his colleagues while in the prison. When Nagle was brought in, he perceptibly trembled, and avoided meeting the gaze of the prisoners. Stephens bore himself quite coolly, nay, cavalierly. His letter to the Clonmel 'B's' was read as evidence. When the clerk came to the passage which declared this should be 'the year of action,' Stephens greeted them all by loudly interjecting, 'So it may be.'

"Although he must have read in the public newspapers of the extensive seizure of letters and other documents in the course of the previous arrests, he seems to have kept quite a store of like evidence at Fairfield House. There were lists or rolls of the American officers; name, ranks, traveling charges paid them, and the dates of sailing for Ireland. There was a minute, or memorandum, apparently of the Military Council, settling the pay in dollars which those officers were to receive: major general, monthly, $750; brigadier general, $400; colonels (special arm) $248; ditto infantry line $238; lieutenant colonel (special arm), $225; ditto infantry line, $215; major (special), $200; captains, of all arms, $165; lieutenants, $125; second ditto, $115. There was a list of places organised, and of the centres in charge, a sheet of cipher terms, and letters in great abundance. In truth, the documents seized on this occasion enabled the organization to be gripped far more extensively and effectually than was possible before.

"The preliminary examination extended over a couple of days. At its close, on Wednesday, 15th of November, the magistrate, previous to committing the prisoners, asked each if he had any observations to make. Stedhens said he had.

"The magistrate—'I shall be bound to take it down.' Stephens—'Yes; take it down.'

"Then rising to his feet and folding his arms, he said, 'I have employed no lawyer in this case, because in making a defense of any kind I should be recognizing British law in Ireland. Now, I deliberately and conscientiously repudiate the existence of that law in Ireland—its right, or even its existence, in Ireland; and I defy any punishment, and despise any punishment, it can inflict upon me. I have spoken it.'

"What did this mean? Ten days subsequently these words were recalled, with a full perception of their import.

"'Stephens has escaped! Stephens has escaped!' This was the cry which rang from end to end of Dublin on the morning of Saturday, the 25th of November, 1865.

"'Stephens? Escaped?'

"'Yes!'

"'From Richmond bridewell? When? How? Impossible!'

"Such were the exclamations or interrogations to be heard on every side. Stephens escaped! Consternation—utter, hopeless consternation—reigned throughout the city; that is to say among the business classes. The populace were very differently affected. This daring achievement was all that was necessary to immortalize the Fenian leader. The police and detectives went about the streets crestfallen and humiliated; while members of the Fenian fraternity could be pretty well identified by the flashing eye, the exultant countenance, the wild, strong grip with which they greeted one another.

"The Fenian leaders had been confined in Richmond prison, awaiting their trial on the 27th of November. When built, fifty or sixty years ago, Richmond was one of the strongest jails in Ireland; but it was entirely wanting in those facilities for supervision which the modern prisons with radiating corridors possess. At the head of one of the several stone stairs which connect the ground floor cell system with the upper tier ran a short cross

corridor of six cells. The door between the corridor and stairhead was of heavy hammered iron, nearly an inch thick, and secured by a lock opening from either side. The cell doors were likewise of wrought iron, fastened with ponderous swinging bars and padlocks. The other end of the corridor was closed by a similar door. In these six cells, thus cut off from the rest of the prison, Stephens, Luby, O'Leary, Kickham and Rossa were confined. In the sixth cell, that between Stephens and Kickham, the governor, Mr. Marquess, placed a young lad named McLeod, an ordinary prisoner, with instructions to listen at night and ring his cell gong if he heard anything close by. Lest there might be any tampering or undue communication, no warder or other person was allowed in the corridor at night, but a warder and policeman were placed outside the locked door at the end opposite the stairhead door. At the latter no watch was deemed necessary. Military guards and sentries, and a detachment of police, had been plentifully placed in the prison when first Stephens was committed, but the Castle raised a petty squabble with the prison board as to the expense of these men, and they were almost all withdrawn. A dispute over ten or twelve pounds cost the government the prize for which they afterwards offered a thousand, and would have given five times as much right readily.

"Vain were all bolts and bars, iron doors and grated windows, to hold Stephens in that prison. In anticipation of such a possibility as that which had occurred, some of the prison officers had long previously been secretly secured as sworn members of the 'I. R. B.' One, J. J. Breslin, was hospital superintendent; another, Byrne, was night watchman, whose duty it was to patrol the whole building, yards and passages, from 'lock-up' at night to 'unlock' each morning. Breslin had a pass key for all interior doors; Byrne had one for interior and exterior. The moment 'the Captain' was brought in, wax impressions or moulds of these keys were taken, and duplicates were at once manufactured by an expert hand among the brotherhood in the city.

"As long, however, as the sentries and patrols were around, free access through the doors was of little advantage. Fortunately for the Fenian leader, the dispute about expense (already referred to) drew off the danger. By Thursday, the 23d of November, the coast was clear; and it was decided that on the following night his liberation must be effected.

"Night came. Lock-up and final inspection were duly completed. The warders paraded and gave up their pass keys to be locked in the governor's safe. The watches were posted and sang out, 'All's well.' Stephens did not go to bed at all. He sat up through the night, aware that some time between midnight and morning his deliverers would be at hand. The elements were propitious. For years Dublin had not been visited by such a storm of wind and rain as howled through the pitchy darkness of that night. The prison clock had chimed one when Stephens heard a stealthy footfall approach. The stairhead door was unlocked. A friendly tap at his own door, and soon it swings open. Daniel Byrne and James Breslin are outside. Softly they descend the stair, each man now grasping a revolver, for desperate work has been begun. They gain the yard and reach the boundary wall at a spot outside which confederates were to be in waiting. They fling over the wall a few pebbles—the pre-arranged signal. In answer a small sod of grass is thrown to them from the other side. Then they bring from the lunatic prisoners' day room, which is close by, two long tables, which they lay against the wall. A rope is thrown over which Byrne and Breslin are to hold while Stephens descends by it on the other side. He mounts the tables, he gains the top and swings into the arms of his friends below. Though rain is falling in torrents, and each one is drenched to the skin, they bound with joy and embrace effusively. Stephens is hurried off with a single attendant to the asylum already selected for him in the city. Breslin retires to his room in the prison and Byrne resumes his duty patrol!

"At 5 o'clock in the morning Mr. Philpots, deputy governor, was excitedly called by Byrne, who, faithful and vigilant officer that he was, reported that he had found two tables in the yard close by the boundary-wall, and much he feared that something had gone wrong. They ran to the governor and aroused him. All hurried to the corridor where the Fenians ought to be. Lo! one of the cell-doors ajar and the 'C. O. I. R.' flown All the others—Luby, Kickham, O'Leary, Rossa—were safe and sound, but the man of men for them was gone!

"Mr. Marquess asked McLeod if he had heard any noise. Yes he had, about 1 o'clock in the morning; he heard some one open the end door, come to Stephens' cell, and unlock it.

"'Why did you not pull your gong, as I told you to do?' asked the distracted governor.

"'Because I knew whoever was doing this was likely to be armed, and could open my cell also, and take my life,' was the intelligent and indeed conclusive answer.

"At no time probably since Emmet's insurrection were the Irish executive authorities thrown into such dismay and confusion as on this occasion. They now realized what it was to deal with a secret society. Whom could they trust? How could they measure their danger? Very evidently the ground beneath them was mined in all directions Uncertainty magnified every danger. Meantime, the most desperate efforts were made to recapture Stephens. Cavalry scoured the country round. Police scattered all over the city, particularly in suspected neighborhoods, ransacked houses, tore down wainscoting, ripped up flooring, searched garrets cellars, coal-holes. Telegrams went flying all over the kingdom; steamers were stopped and the passengers examined; gunboats put to sea and overhauled and searched fishing-smacks and coasters. Flaming placards appeared with 'One Thousand Pounds Reward' in large letters announcing the escape, and offering a high price for the lost one. The 'C. O. I. R.' was all this time, and for a long period subsequently, secreted in the house of a Mrs. Butler of Summer Hill, a woman of humble means. She knew her peril in sheltering him. She knew what would be her reward in surrendering him. She was poor, and could any moment earn one thousand pounds by giving merely a hint to the authorities. Stephens confided himself implicitly into her hands, and he did not trust her in vain.

"One Sunday evening about three months afterward a handsome open carriage-and-four drove through the streets of the Irish metropolis, two stalwart footmen seated in the dickey behind. Two gentlemen reclined lazily on the cushioned seat within. They proceeded northward through Malahide and toward Balbriggan. Near the latter place, close by the sea, the carriage stopped. One of the occupants got out, and walked down to the shore, where a boat was in waiting. He entered, and was pulled off to a lugger in the offing. The carriage returned to Dublin. The 'coachman,' 'postilion,' 'footmen' and companion were all picked men of the I. R. B.,' and were armed to the teeth. The gentleman placed on board the lugger, now speeding down the channel with flowing sheets for France, was James Stephens, the 'Central Organizer of the Irish Republic.'"

A. M. SULLIVAN.

18 Pounds of Blood

Is about the quantity nature allows to an adult person. It is of the utmost importance that the blood should be kept as pure as possible. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its claim to be the best blood purifier.

FUNERAL OF JOSEPHINE FLORENCE MEDILL.

The funeral services of the late Josephine Florence Medill, daughter of Joseph Medill, were held yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the family residence, No. 101 Cass street.

The casket, which rested in the library, was entirely covered with flowers, and the offerings of many loving friends filled every part of the room where it lay. The arrangement of the flowers was undertaken as a labor of love by some of her schoolmates. The Episcopal service was read by the Rev. Dr. R. W. Patterson and Prof. David Swing. Before the reading the choir of the Second Presbyterian church sang "Lead, Kindly Light." After the reading the choir sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

After the services those in attendance, save the family and some immediate friends and the bearers, passed out of the house.

The casket was then taken away. The honorary pallbearers were Messrs. Frank S. Gorton, Francis M. Whitehouse, Arthur J. Caton, William Kellogg, W. F. Keep and Samuel Minot Jones. The acting pallbearers, representatives of the several departments of the *Tribune*, were Messrs. E. W. Harden, L. V. Defoe, Carl Schultze, A. Charles, Wm. Cleary, C. T. Vivian, John D. Spellman and A. C. Keatley.

The relatives and some immediate friends went to Graceland cemetery, where the casket was left in the mortuary chapel.

Among those present in the house were: Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McCormick, Mrs. R. W. Patterson, Mrs. John M. Ewen, Mr. and Mrs. Watson J. Blair, Miss Keep, Mrs. F. S. Gorton, Miss Kellogg, Miss McAvoy, Mrs. Stuyvesant Peabody, Mrs. Hooper, Miss Elizabeth Isham, Mrs. Arthur J. Caton, Mrs. H. W. King, Col. Huntington W. Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Tree, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin McVeagh, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Burk, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blair, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Willits, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Willing, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Harvey, Judge and Mrs. Gresham, Mr. and Mrs. John De Koven, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Isham, Maj. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. James McKay, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Upton, Prof. and Mrs. Elias Colbert.

Mrs. J. M. Walker, Mrs. Charles Hitchcock, Mrs. John N. Jewett, Mrs. H. O. Stone, Mrs. Charles Henderson, Mrs. J. V. Farwell, Mrs. A. A. Carpenter. Mrs. William Armour, Mrs. Frederic Eames, Mrs. Le Roy, Mrs. Dudley Wilkinson, Mrs. Charles P. Kellogg, Mrs. Archibald Valentine, Mrs. Ralph Hickox, Mrs. Henry Strong, Mrs. Ralph Isham, Mrs. George P. Fisher, Mrs. George L. Dunlap, Mrs. Orson Smith, Mrs. William Scudder, Mrs. Cyrus Adams, Mrs Henry Hooper, Mrs. J. B. Carson, Mrs. J. B Lyon, Mrs. H. D. Lloyd, Mrs. Charles Haines, Mrs. Palmer Kellogg, Mrs. W. W. Kimball, Mrs. E. B. McMurray, Mrs Henry B. Mason, Mrs. A. T. Galt, Mrs. W K Nixon, Mrs. Abijah Keith, Mrs. J. M. W. Jones, Mrs. O. W. Potter, Mrs. Sidney Williams.

Miss Ramsey, Miss Katherine Porter, Miss Bertha Barnes, Miss May Buel, Miss Lois Kellogg, Miss Emily Ramsey, Miss King, Miss Jennie King, Miss Snow, Miss Hayes, Miss Kirkland, Miss Florence Pullman, Miss Frances Cowles, Miss Carpenter, Miss Skinner, Miss F. Skinner, Miss Hill, Miss Eva Kimball, Miss Katherine Isham, Miss Katherine Jones.

The Rev. Dr. S. J. McPherson, Horace White, George M. Pullman, Marshall Field, Norman Williams, Henry W. King, Huntington W. Jackson, Alfred B. Mason, A. H. Burley, Baron von Biedenfeld, Leslie Carter, M. Bruwaert, Mr. Stuyvesant Peabody, Raymond Patterson, J. Irving Pearce, Frank Wood, B. B. Lamb, Leo Cannan, W. L. Ogden.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Medill were not present. They left home last fall for a stay in Southern California for their health, and were unable to return.

The *Tribune* office was closed from 1 until 5 Monday afternoon while the funeral services were being held.—*Tribune*, Feb 2.

ARNOLD'S INSULT TO THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Arnold, of Missouri, has introduced a resolution in the house, which has been referred to the Foreign Affairs committee, requesting the president to recall Minister Egan from Chili "to the end that reciprocity of amicable relations between the two countries may be had and maintained." As the same resolution contains a gratuitous and sneaking insult directed against the president in the insinuation that he was aware of the Chilian apology when he sent his first special message to congress, it is not likely that he will receive the insolent partisan request in any very amiable mood, much less grant it. Apart from the insult itself there is no reason why it should be granted. No evidence yet has been brought forward that Minister Egan has not done his duty honorably and effectively. It was many months after the Baltimore incident that Chili suddenly discovered Mr. Egan was a *persona non grata*, and even then in making the request for his recall, which it as suddenly withdrew, it gave no reasons for its actions and made no charges against him.

From this view of the situation the demand for his recall, repeated by Democrats in the house, is an insult to the administration. There is not the shadow of an excuse for it. The Chilian press, before that government thought it could curry favor with the Democratic element in congress by requesting his recall, had commended his course. The British minister praised him for his courage, skill and ability under the most trying circumstances. The real reason for this request is that the Democrats never have and never will forgive the president for appointing an Irishman to an important position, and a Republican Irishman at that. They cannot understand how or why an Irishman can be a Republican. If Minister Egan had been a free trade, state sovereignty, Irish Democrat they would not have found words big enough with which to commend his ability and sing his praises. They think they have a lien on all Catholic Irishmen and regard them as personal chattels. Even if the house should pass this offensive and insolent resolution it may be deemed certain that the president will treat it with the contempt it deserves. He already has expressed his opinion of Minister Egan in his message to congress. To send such a resolution to him in the face of that opinion is a gratuitous insult.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SEND ME SOME SHAMROCKS.

BY D. F. O'CONNOR.

Send me some shamrocks from Ireland, I pray,
Some dipped in the clear morning dew;
I mark me the ones as in dreamland I stray
Through the bright sunny haunts that I knew;
Pluck one from the shade of the hawthorn tree
On the crest of the green hillock side,
That marks out the spot that is dearest to me,
The home where my dear parents died.
I'll kiss it, I'll press it close, close to my heart,
And I'll bathe ev'ry leaf with a tear,
And I'll vow, from my bosom it never shall part,
While I'm pining in banishment here.

Go search Bun-na-valla's gay hedgerows along?
Where woodbines and blackthorns grow,
And steadfastly creeping the branches among,
You'll find a green shamrock, I know;
I saw it as fresh as a laurel or leek
When a boy there I roamed young and free;
It never has perished, 'tis easy to seek,
Oh, pluck it and send it to me!
I'll kiss it, I'll press it close, close to my heart,
And I'll bathe ev'ry leaf with a tear,
And I'll vow from my bosom it never shall part,
While I'm pining in banishment here.

In the meadlands around Lissereen is a leaf
That to me is especially dear,
For 'tis gardened by one who to Ireland's dead chief
Bore a love warm, pure and sincere;
He'll send it, he'll send it, I know that he will,
And send with it a loving regard,
For he knows it will comfort, will instantly fill
The careworn heart of the bard.
I'll kiss it, I'll press it close, close to my heart,
And I'll bathe ev'ry leaf with a tear,
And I'll vow from my bosom it never shall part,
While I'm pining in banishment here.

From rockbound Kilgulbin a shamrock I crave,
With freshness and beauty aglow,
One plucked from the sod by the kind friend and brave
Who stood and confronted the foe.
When they come, oh, what thoughts recollection will fling
Back on me of the loved ones and true,
They will ask me, and each to the asking will cling,
To lay me to rest where they grew.
I'll kiss them, I'll press them close, close to my heart,
And I'll bathe ev'ry leaf with a tear,
And I'll vow from my bosom they never shall part,
While I'm pining in banishment here.

MR. KILLELEA ON UNION.

[*To the Editor.*]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 31.— Recent cable dispatches from London state that parliament will be dissolved in May, and that the general election will then be held. The cable dispatches also state that there are some hopes of negotiation for a reunion of the Irish factions. The financial situation of their treasury, I expect, has brought the Irish party to their senses. They may have taken the matter under consideration. In case the present members of parliament may be again returned they will need money to keep them in attendance in the house of commons during its sessions.

Should a general election take place, as the dispatches state, they will need money to carry on the fight in Ireland. Where are they going to get it from, unless the Irish factions unite? As THE CITIZEN has often suggested to them since the rupture, when they do unite it must be a union of hands and hearts.

THE CITIZEN also suggested to the divided party in an issue of last March, at the time of the conference at Boulogne, that all that was necessary for the members of parliament to do at that conference was to shake hands and become friends as they should do, but the men who attended the conference was to shake hands and become friends as they should do, but the men who attended the conference did not take its advice. The whole question discussed at that conference was the leadership, because of the social error of Parnell. They should have remembered the cause they were fighting for rather than the men. There was more correspondence between the Irish parties at that Boulogne conference than between Washington and Santiago about the recent threatened Chilian war.

We should give those Irish members of parliament to understand that while the disagreement lasts all hope of financial support from the United States must cease. THE CITIZEN should also give the Irish people in Ireland to understand that the friends of Ireland in America and the lovers of liberty every where are considerably disgusted by the action of the Irish members of parliament in regard to their political conduct.

It is to the interest of Ireland that subscribers who get THE CITIZEN, should send their copies to the Irish members of parliament so that they may read THE CITIZEN editorials upon unity and the duty of the hour, as THE CITIZEN, which is true and tried, represents the real Irish American National element in America, the element that has stood by Ireland and always braved the storm for her cause.

JAMES KILLELEA.

IRISH NEWS.

DEATH OF THE GOVERNOR OF LIMERICK PRISON.

Mr. J. Rudolph Gildea, governor of the Limerick district male prison, died rather suddenly recently at the governor's house, the cause of death being, it is stated, an attack of influenza. Mr. Gildea was well known in Dublin. When deputy governor of Kilmainham jail some ten years ago, he had under his charge many of the political suspects, including Mr. Parnell, and at a later date most of the Invincible prisoners. During the term of his governorship of Limerick jail Mr. Gildea, while strictly adhering to his duties, had by his courtesy and kindness earned the esteem of many political prisoners committed to his charge, and among the citizens generally he enjoyed a widespread and deserved popularity.—*Ex.*

DEATH OF TWO POLICEMEN.

Perhaps one of the saddest incidents arising out of the dreaded influenza, took place recently at Tully, a little village twelve miles from Clifden. Two policemen, named Costello and Woulfe, who had been stationed in the same barrack, were carried to the grave together, victims of the dreaded plague. The district inspector of Clifden attended the funeral in person.—*Ex.*

MOONLIGHTING IN KERRY.

Intelligence has been received by the police at Tralee that recently a party of six men, armed and disguised, raided the house of a farmer named Blennerhassett, residing at Doolagua, near Castleisland, and demanded a gun. Blennerhassett, it is stated, refused to comply with their request, whereupon they fired four shots and decamped. The shots were fired through the roof of the house and no one was injured.

ELECTION OF MEDICAL OFFICERS.

The election of medical officers for the Cahircalish dispensary district of the Limerick union was held Monday fortnight. On a previous occasion the election resulted in the return of Dr. Keogh by eight votes, to seven cast for Dr. Connelly, but on an appeal the local government board ordered a sworn inquiry, with the result that one vote which Mr. Wm. Nunan had given for Dr. Keogh was disallowed, and a fresh election ordered. Dr. Keogh's supporters objected to the election being proceeded with, as Mr. Nunan intended appealing from the local government board to the queen's bench as regards the illegality of his vote, but the majority of the electors present decided to proceed with the voting. In the result Dr. Connelly was declared elected by ten votes to seven, the defeated candidate protesting that the election was illegal.

CORK CORPORATION.

The Corporation of Cork at a recent meeting had before them the scheme of connecting all the railway systems with the flat of the city by a steam tram. The scheme meets with universal approval, and promises to be successfully carried out. Cork is the only city of its size in the kingdom which is not provided with the accommodation of trams. There are many reasons assigned for the discontinuance of the previous attempt at a tram company, but precautions are being taken that the contemplated scheme will in every way meet the convenience of the public.

PROBABLY JOHN SHEARES' BLUNDERBUSS

It is told in Cork that when John Sheares was a little boy, he and his small brother Harry used to go hand-in hand under the gateway of the gaol, and speaking up to the heads of the dead felons promise, when they grew up to be men, that they should all be taken down. The house of the Sheares still stands at Glasheen, outside Cork. It is said Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., at one time possessed a blunderbuss found under the flooring in this house. It is now in the possession of the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, having been presented to him by the member for Tipperary.

THE STUDY OF GAELIC.

We have before now called attention to the necessity of some steps being taken to revive the study of the Gaelic language in our midst. Since the collapse of the Philo-Celtic society, the matter has been allowed to remain in abeyance. So far as the great bulk of people here are concerned, Gaelic is in reality a dead language. This is not as it should be. There is no better preservative of a people's nationality than a national language. The Welsh recognize this today, and cling to the old Cymric tongue with a tenacity which in some degree puts us to shame. But if the Irish people at home, who make English the language of every day intercourse, are neglectful of the grand old tongue of their motherland, the exiled children of Ireland are not so. With them Gaelic is yet not a dead language. Take, for instance, the United States. At a recent novena held for the Catholics of Newburyport, in advance of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the announcement was made that one of the priests who assisted at the services, Rev. Thomas Moylan, pastor of the Nativity, Merrimac, would hear confessions in Irish. These novenas or retreats have been held in Newburyport every December for the past twenty years. Surely here is an example worthy of emulation.—*Dublin Freeman.*

St. James' New Organ.

Father McGuire's face beamed with good will toward all men Wednesday evening as he stood in the vestibule of St. James' church. He had every reason to feel elated, for he had a brand new organ at one end of his church, while every inch of other available space was taken up by people who had come to attend the dedication exercises. Among the prominent clergymen present were Chancellor Muldoon and Fathers Agnew, Egan and Whalen. The programme consisted of twelve numbers, all of which were well calculated to test the various capabilities of the new instrument. Mr. Archer presided at the organ. Solos were given by the Misses Marcella Reilly and Bella Tomlins and Messrs. Young and Huessen, assisted by the full choir of fifty voices. The cost of the instrument was $8,000.

Meeting of the Nally Club.

A meeting of the P. W. Nally Club will be held at Cline's Hall, corner of Huron and Wells streets, on Sunday, February 7, at 3 p. m., for the transaction of important business.

HYMENEAL.

DEMARIS—MORAN.

Rarely has St. James' church seen so pretty a wedding as that of Mr. Henry Demaris and Miss Kittie Moran last Wednesday evening. The church was crowded, all the young ladies of the parish were present, Miss Moran being a member of the Young Ladies Sodality. Rev. Father McGuire performed the ceremony. After speaking a few words of advice, he congratulated the young couple, who left the church amid a storm of good wishes and a shower of rice. The church had been brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. The bride looked lovely in white satin, wore orange blossoms in her hair and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Victoria Bennewies, also wore white satin with gold embroidery, and in her hair was a bunch of forget me nots. Mr. Henry Bennewies acted as groomsman. A splendid supper was served at the home of the young couple, 3113 Fifth avenue. On account of the recent death of the groom's brother only relatives and near friends of the couple were present.

A Notable Entertainment.

The third literary and musical soiree, under the auspices of the St. Thomas Catholic Young Men's Club, Father Carroll's parish, will be given at Rosalie Music Hall, Fifty-seventh street and Rosalie court, on Monday evening, Feb. 22. A most excellent programme has been prepared. Mrs. Kate M. Burke and other ladies of the parish are interesting themselves most actively to make the entertainment a great success.

Havlin's Theatre.

Mr. Havlin takes great pleasure in heralding the coming to his dainty theatre for the week of February 7, of the famous Boston Howard Athenæum Star Specialty company. This is beyond all question the strongest and best vaudeville organization in America. It contains several of the greatest specialty performers of Europe, and some of the best known to the American vaudeville stage. Every performer does an act that is startling and marvelous in character. Their equal has never been seen before.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 36, A.O.H., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the members of Division No. 36, mourn the loss of our deceased brother and president, Michael Donahue from the division in its infant state. We deem it just to the memory of him who in life was such a zealous worker in the cause of Catholicity and nationality, to deplore his untimely death. While a member of other similar organizations he exercised his greatest influence in the interests of justice, and was always pledged to the support of his church and country. Having lived a model life, we recommend his his soul to Him who will reward all good Christians.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing be preserved in the minutes of this Division, and also a copy sent to his bereaved friends.

Shakespeare will please excuse us if we modify him thus: Thrice is he clad who hath his system strengthened with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and he but naked, though arrayed in furs, whose blood is poor or with disease corrupted. An incomparable medicine!

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 982.

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ESTATE OF MARGARET FAGAN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Fagan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1892, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 5, 1892

PATRICK L. McARDLE,
Administrator of estate of said Margaret Fagan, deceased.

A CURFEW SONG.

Peace, weary wind! Thou hast grown tired of roaming
O'er the far moorland and the sighing sea;
Through the gray dusk the angel of the gloaming
Comes with its message and its peace for thee.

All the long day the children have been straying
In the bright meadows, by the running streams;
Now they return a-wearied from their playing
Home to their mothers and the land of dreams.

All the long day the lark was singing praises
Far from the tumult of the smoky town;
All the long day the lambs were 'mid the daisies,
All the long day the sheep were on the down.

Soon in the fold the lambkins will be sleeping,
Soon in the dusk the lark will dream of morn,
Breathing of peace, the rivulet is creeping
Through the shut lilies and the budded thorn.

I have been wearied also with my longing—
Wearied with hopes for what I could not win,
Wearied with doubts and cravings that were thronging
Through the dim gate where faith should enter in.

Now in the eventide, while stars are burning
In the gray chancel of the twilight sky—
While the young lambs and children are returning
Home to their resting place—why should not I?

Tired of my solitary, willful roaming
O'er the sad moorland, by the sighing sea,
Father, I hasten, through the silver gloaming,
Back, like the prodigal of yore, to thee.
—Arthur L. Salmon in Good Words.

AN EPISODE OF '63.

Night had fallen on the banks of the Chippaloga and the fight was over. It had been hot and fierce while it lasted, and the battered remnant of southern troops, though at last they had been forced to flight, leaving one-third their force on the field, had thinned the numbers of their conquerors. Though the smallest of the episodes of a war whose issue settled the future of the American continent and affected the history of all mankind, the battle had brought the peace of death to many a valiant heart, its bitterness to many a woman and child, who, yet unaware, were praying, safe in distant cities, for the husbands and fathers whose lips would never more meet theirs. Overhead, the stars sparkled keenly in the frosty sky, but from the horizon a ridge of inky cloud spread upward to the zenith, threatening not only to quench their feeble fire but to deepen the crisp, powdery snow in which the landscape was smothered. The river ran like a long, black snake between its whitened banks.

To Roland Pearse, monotonously tramping on sentry duty along the track worn by his own feet in the snow at a tantalizing distance from the nearest of the small watchfires which gleamed around the central one, where the officers were sunk in sleep, it seemed as if the dawn would never come. A year's hard campaigning had toughened him to all the accidents of war, and the coldest and longest night's watch after the hardest day's fighting or marching came to him, as a rule, naturally enough. But he had been wounded in the fight, though not seriously, yet painfully, and between the consequent loss of blood and the bitter cold was weary well nigh to death.

In the dead stillness of the night the monotonous chant of the river near at hand combined with weakness and weariness to stupefy his senses, and for minutes together he shuffled along the track he had worn in the snow with a quite unconscious persistence, awakening at the end of his beat with a nerve shattering start and falling asleep again ere he had well turned to retrace his steps. At last a deeper doze was terminated by his falling at full length in the snow. He gathered his stiff, cold limbs together and limped along shivering, swearing at the snow which had penetrated different loopholes of his ragged uniform, and, slowly melted by contact with his scarce warmer skin, served at last to keep him awake. He drew from his pocket a flask containing a modicum of whisky. It was little enough; he could gratefully have drunk twice the amount, but, with a self denial taught by many bitter experiences, he took only a mouthful and reserved the rest for future needs.

With a vague idea that a new beat would somewhat relieve the monotony of his watch, he struck into another track, and trudged resolutely at right angles with his former course, the two lines of footsteps making a gigantic cross upon the snow. His former lassitude was again beginning to conquer him, when it was suddenly dissipated by a voice, which rang out on the stillness with startling suddenness, instinct with anguish:

"If you have the heart of a man in your breast, for God's sake, help me!"

Twenty feet from where he stood, Roland beheld the figure of a man raised feebly on one elbow above the level of the snow. There was only just light enough to distinguish it. He approached it cautiously, with his rifle advanced, and shooting rapid glances from the prostrate figure to every clump of snow covered herbage or inequality of ground which might afford shelter for an ambuscade.

"I am alone," the man said

He spoke each word upon a separate sob of pain and weakness. He wore the southern uniform, and Roland saw that one arm and one leg dragged from his body, helpless and distorted. An old saber cut traversed his face from the cheekbone to the temple. He looked the very genius of defeat.

"I am dying!" he panted at Roland.

The young man pulled his beard as he looked down at him and shrugged his shoulders with a scarce perceptible gesture.

"I know," said the southerner; "I don't growl at that. I've let daylight in a few of your fellows in my time, and would again if I got the chance. Now it's my turn, and I'm going to take it quiet. But I want to say something—to write something to my wife in Charleston. Will you do that for me? It isn't much for a man to ask of another. I don't want to die and rot in this cursed wilderness without saying goodby to her."

"You must look sharp then," said Roland, kneeling beside him, "for I shall be called into camp in a few minutes."

He took an old letter from his pocket, and with numbed fingers began to write, at the wounded man's dictation, on its blank side.

"My darling Rose," he began.

Roland started as if stung by a snake, and bent a sudden look of questioning anger on his companion's face. The southerner looked back at him for a moment with a look of surprise. Then his face changed.

"Jim Vickers!" said Roland.

"Roland Pearse!" cried the other, and for a moment there was silence between them.

"Last time your name passed my lips," said Roland slowly, "I swore to put a bullet into you on sight."

"I guess you needn't," said Vickers; "I've got two already. Not that I'm particular to a bullet or so, only you might finish the letter first, anyhow. For God's sake, Pearse," he continued, sudden emotion conquering his dare devil cynicism, "write the letter! It's for Rose. She won't have a cent in the world if I can't send her the news I want you to write, and she and the child will starve. I got her by a trick, I know, and a nasty trick, too; but I'd have done murder to get her. She was the one woman I ever cared a straw for, really. And she loves me too. Shoot me if you like, but for God's sake write the letter."

Roland bent his head over the scrap of paper again.

"Go on," he said hoarsely, and Vickers went on, panting out the words with an eagerness which proved the sincerity of his affection. The letter had regard to the disposition of certain sums of money for which the voucher had been destroyed by fire during the siege of Philipville two days previously. It was scarcely ended when a bugle sounded from the camp.

"That's the sentinel's recall," said Roland. "I must get in. I'll forward the letter the first chance I get."

He rose. Vickers, with a dumb agony of grateful entreaty in his face, feebly held up his left hand—the right arm was shattered. After a moment's hesitation Roland bent and took it.

"Here," he said, "take this."

He dropped his flask beside him. "Keep your heart up; perhaps you ain't as bad as you think. I'll see if I can get help for you."

Tears started to the wounded wretch's eyes.

"Rose had better have taken you, I guess," he said. Roland turned sharply away.

"I'll be back as quickly as I can," he said, and plowed his way back into camp without a single backward glance. Coming to a large tent, the only one in the camp, roughly run up as a temporary hospital, he passed between two rows of prostrate figures, sunk in the sleep of exhaustion or tossing in agony, to where a man in the uniform of an army surgeon was bending, pipe in mouth, over the body of a patient. "I want to speak to you when you've finished, Ned."

The surgeon nodded without raising his eyes, completed his task, ran his blood stained fingers wearily through his hair and turned to Roland with a yawn and a shiver.

"That's the last of 'em," he said; "I've been at it since nightfall, and I'm dead beat. Cut it short, old man; we start in an hour, and I mean to get a wink of sleep."

"I'm afraid you'll have to do without it," said Roland. "Do you remember Jim Vickers?"

"Jim Vickers?" repeated the surgeon. "Oh, yes! The man who married Rose Bishop."

Roland winced and nodded.

"He's out there, shot in the arm and leg. Says he's dying. He didn't know me, and asked me to write a word for him to Rose—to his wife. I want you to come and have a look at him."

The surgeon shrugged, with a half yawn.

"He's a Reb, I s'pose? Haven't seen him in our crowd."

"Yes," said Roland, "but one man is pretty much the same to you as another, I reckon, and—you know Rose. You might save him."

Ned shrugged again, tossed some lint and other necessaries into a bag on the table and they set out together. They found Vickers asleep, with the empty whisky flask lying on the snow beside him.

There was a ruined shed at a hundred yards' distance to which they carried the wounded man, who awoke and groaned as he was raised. Arrived under shelter, Ned silently betook himself to examining Vickers' wounds. Arm and leg were both shattered, and three of his ribs were broken by a horse's hoof. Roland watched his friend's face, but it wore the aspect of even gravity common to the faces of men of his profession engaged at their work, and nothing was to be learned from it. His task finished, he patted his patient's shoulder, collected his tools and left the shed. Roland followed him to the door.

"What do you think? Can he pull through?"

"He would with proper nursing and good food; not without."

"Can we take him with us?"

"No, the colonel wouldn't hear of it. We have to join Meade at Petersburg in two days, and we can't afford to be bothered with lame prisoners. Leave him some biscuit and a bottle of whisky and let him take his chance. We've done all we could."

"I can't leave him," said Roland.

"You've got mighty fond of him all of a sudden," said Ned, with something of a sneer.

"I'm as fond of him as I always was," answered Roland. "It's Rose."

"Well," said the other after a moment's silence, and with the air he might have worn had he found himself forced to apply the knife to the flesh of his own child, "if you want my opinion you shall have it. You'll do a long sight better business for Rose if you let the fellow die. And besides you can't save him. He'd take months to heal up in hospital, with every care and attention."

"Somebody might come along and give me a hand to get him to the nearest town," said Roland vaguely, but tenaciously.

"The nearest town is thirty miles away. How would you get him there? It's impossible. Besides, look at this." He pointed to the sky, an even blank of thick, gray cloud. "That'll be falling in another hour. You'd be snowed up. And then—hang it all, man, I must be as mad as you are to discuss the thing at all. You don't suppose that you're going to get leave of absence to nurse a Johnny Reb?"

"I might take it," said Roland.

"And be shot for desertion?"

"That's as may be. The chances are I shouldn't be missed till you were too far away to send back for me. I must go and answer to my name and then see if I can't drop behind."

Ned held his head in his hands as if it would else burst with the folly of his friend's idea.

"I can't stay here all day talking d—d nonsense," he said angrily. "I'm off into camp."

He strode away and Roland kept pace with him. He did not need his friend's assurance of the folly of the act he meditated. He quite recognized that, but it was only in the background of his thoughts, which were filled with the memory of a woman's face. How could he leave the man Rose loved to die while any possible effort of his might suffice to save him?

The first flakes of the coming snowstorm fell as the detachment started. It marched in very loose order, for the road was rough, the snow deep, most of the men more or less broken with wounds and fatigue, and it was known that no enemy was within sixty miles. Roland fell little by little to the rear, where the clumsy country wagons lumbered along full of the wounded under Ned's charge.

"You'll take care of the letter," he whispered, and thrust it into his friend's hand. "Goodby. I shall fall in with the next detachment if I pull through long enough. If not"——

He nodded, and at a sudden turn of the road, here thickly surrounded by maple and hemlock, darted among the trees and listened with his heart in his ears to the jingle and clatter of arms as his comrades marched on. It died away upon the snow laden air, and he retraced his steps to the shed with an armful of dry leaves and twigs, with which, by the sacrifice of one of his few remaining cartridges, he speedily made a blazing fire. Vickers lay quiet watching him through half shut lids.

"Say, Roland," he said presently, "what sort of game is this?"

"I'm going to see if I can pull you through," said Roland, with an affectation of cheerfulness.

"You can't," said Vickers; "I heard what Ned said just now. I'm booked for the journey through, I know it. Don't you be a fool. Follow the boys and leave me here. I'm beyond any man's help. You won't? Well, you always were a nutmeg headed sort of creature. I never knew you to have more than one idea at a time, and that one wasn't worth much, as a general thing.

"But this is madness—sheer, stark madness! Look at the snow! Another hour or two and we shall be snowed up. It's just chucking a good life after a bad one. I know you ain't doing it for me; it's for Rose. Well, if it was any use I wouldn't say no. But it isn't. I shall be a dead man in twenty-four hours at most. Nothing can save me."

"I'm just going to the wood," said Roland, taking up his gun and speaking in a quite casual tone. "If there's any game about, this weather will drive it under cover. I'll be back presently, anyhow."

He flung some of the broken timber of the shed upon the fire and went out.

He had not taken six paces through the blinding flakes when Vickers' voice rang out with startling loudness and suddenness, "Goodby, Roland!" and a loud report seemed to shake the crazy old hut to its foundation.

Roland ran back. Vickers was lying dead, with firelight playing brightly on the barrel of a revolver clinched in his left hand.

Ten minutes later he was lying in a deep snowdrift, and Roland was tramping through the snow on the track of his detachment. — Henry Murray in Strand.

Why They Leave the Door Open.

There are two occasions that are usually improved by the leave-the-door-open man. One is when he comes in with the intention of going out again; the other when he goes out intending to come right back again. It isn't because it is any particular trouble to close the door; it is the human instinct of providing the ready means of escape, of safety. The first thing a burglar does when he enters a house or a bank is to see that everything is clear for sudden exit.

The wise general always plans the method of retreat and leaves an opening for getting away in case the battle goes against him. The wily savage and even wild animals have the same instinct. When a man enters your office and leaves the door ajar he is doing just what any other animal would do—providing for the possible contingency of being kicked out. This contingency is a little more remote than the comfort of society would seem to warrant.—New York Herald.

Why He Laughed.

A lady belonging to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Baptist," in New York city, was spending a month in one of our backwoods districts. Going to the postoffice shortly after her arrival, she asked if any letter had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered for a moment. "Sister who?" he asked. "Sister Bernardine," repeated the lady, "a Sister of St. John the Baptist." "Well, I should rather think not," responded the man with an uproarious laugh; "I guess he's been dead pretty near a hundred years now."—Kate Field's Washington.

RIDING ALLIGATORS.

A NATIVE WHO THINKS NOTHING OF MOUNTING A SAURIAN.

According to This Man in Florida, All You Have to Do Is to Vault Lightly to the Animal's Back, Press Your Thumbs Over His Eyes and Say "G'lang."

If the ancient writers and painters who depicted men on horseback as centaurs were now living what a field they would find in Florida for originating new forms of life, provided they followed the idea developed in the production of the creature that was part man and part horse! Here, for instance, they could see men riding huge saurians across a lake without either reins or saddle, some coming from the depths of the ocean mounted on gigantic turtles weighing as much as Clydesdale horses, and others straddling a jewfish, shark or porpoise, or being towed behind an enormous sea-devil in a cockle shell of a boat or in a large schooner.

Tampa boasts of a colored citizen who has no more fear of an alligator than he has of the harmless lizard, and will attempt to ride one any day for a small sum of money. His method of riding the reptile is to enter a lake or pond where the species congregates, select a large one, jump on its back quickly and, pressing his thumbs on its eyes, urge it shoreward.

An employee of the South Florida railroad, whose name I have received permission to use, informed me that he had often mounted old bulls in the lakes of Hernando county and ridden them ashore without any trouble by simply pressing his thumbs on their eyes and urging them forward with his heels or shouts. He found it far easier work to mount than dismount, for as soon as his saurian steed touched the shore it tried to seize his leg by bringing its tail and head suddenly together and rolling over and over like a barrel going down hill. This is the ordinary method employed by alligators for capturing their prey or enemies, and as its efficacy depends on the prompt conjunction of jaws and tail, the stroke may be readily avoided by a little "figuring," to use Mr. Stafford's expression.

According to Mr. Stafford, all he had to do when in want of an aquatic mustang was to enter a half dried pond, pick out the largest and laziest saurian he saw there, mount it promptly and point its head landward. The mounted animal, according to his statement, makes no fuss about moving wherever it is directed while in the water, but the moment it touches land it uses every effort to throw and devour its jockey.

It is possible to ride an alligator some distance overland by tying its muzzle, as it does not attempt to do any injury until it can throw its open mouth and long tail together by a sudden sweep to one side. Mr. Stafford, who is, I believe, a native of Florida, a veteran hunter and an expert alligator jockey, relates an anecdote which shows that saurian riding is as dangerous as Irish steeplechasing when the mount is sulky or wounded. He had ridden an alligator ashore during one of his hunting trips, and as it was rather large and its skin, as a consequence, usually valuable, he decided to kill and flay it near the pond.

After emptying the contents of his rifle into its head and assuring himself of its being dead, he drew his knife to flay it; but he had hardly touched the head ere the alligator returned to life, and seizing him by the coat sleeve commenced rolling over and over. The second or third roll took the sleeve off his coat and dislocated his arm, and on being set free in this unexpected manner it did not take him long to scramble out of reach of the furious reptile. A physician who was hunting with him set his arm in a few moments, and when that was done the jockey poured lead into his late mount until he was sure that its ferocious spirit had fled.

A man who has shot alligators for their hides told me that the animals were harmless in winter and inclined to avoid a contest with men at all times unless they were wounded or defending their young. They are worse in the pairing season than at any other, the bulls being then unusually petulant, more than ordinarily stupid and stubborn and inclined to resent any intrusion on their grounds. Yet by boldly facing them they can be forced to run, and may even be mounted and ridden ashore, provided there are no females in the vicinity.

He once tried to ride an old bull toward a landmark that loomed above all other objects on the flat shore of a lake on a dark night, and wondered why his steed tried so hard to turn away from it whenever the thumbs were lifted off the eyes, but he was able to account for it readily a few moments later, when an enraged female that was guarding the landmark, which was her nest, rushed open mouthed and grunting like an insane grizzly, and sent her conqueror precipitately to the rear and its jockey deep into the mud.

Fortunately for him the assailant was more enraged at the bull than at the jockey and followed it several hundred yards, charging at intervals and thrashing it vigorously with her tail whenever she got an opportunity. The male was driven almost across the lake before she decided to return and attack the man, but he was running on shore for dear life long before she had given up the pursuit of the steed.

The rider said he had seen many desperate charges during the civil war, but that he never was in one that so completely benumbed his faculties as the charge of that "big mouthed squaw 'gator." He thought he could ride a male saurian at any time of the year, but that no man living could retain his seat for any length of time on the back of a female that was defending her nest or was accompanied by her young.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Nice tablecloths and napkins should not be allowed to become much soiled, so that they will require vigorous rubbing with soap or in hot water.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

How a Man Who Had It Profited by the Scheme of One Who Hadn't It.

Presence of mind and bravery in the face of peril was being discussed in the office of W. R. Busenbark, general manager of the Maple Leaf route. The capsizing of a yacht off the lake front the day before suggested the theme. After listening to the thrilling experiences which each of the group present related—and somehow on the occasion of an exceptional accident people are prone to talk thrillingly of what they have passed through themselves—Mr. Busenbark told a story.

He did not need to call our fancy to his aid to give interest to his tale. He had been the central figure in the well remembered burning of the Newhall hotel, in Milwaukee, being the only person above the second floor who did not perish in the terrible fire.

Referring to the manner in which he escaped, he said he owed his life to the fact that a man who was burned to ashes in the flames the same night told him how he would try to save his life in case of fire.

"This is how it was, boys," said Mr. Busenbark. "I got orders from my road to meet one of our agents named Ware, who was to be transferred from Detroit to Milwaukee, and introduce him to our patrons in the Cream City. I joined him here in Chicago, and we went to Milwaukee together. It was the day of the Newhall hotel fire. On the trip, by a strange coincidence, we began talking about fires. Ware, I think, brought up the topic. Yes, it was Ware; and what started him on the subject was the fact that he had witnessed a big fire in the Western Union building at Detroit, at which five lives were lost. 'Isn't it curious, Busenbark,' said Ware to me, 'how common sense will desert a man in the hour of danger? I saw the big fire in Detroit.

"'A number of operators could be seen standing helplessly and in wild despair at the windows of the Western Union building. There was a perfect network of telegraph wires within twenty feet of them, by jumping on which they might have saved their lives. But they didn't jump and they perished. What is puzzling is that the telegraph wires as a means of escape for the poor fellows did not occur to me until after all was over.'

"'No accounting for these things, Ware,' said I to the Detroit man, and then we talked about other matters.

"That evening, after arriving at Milwaukee, we went to the theater. I remember it as if it was but yesterday. About 11 o'clock we reached the Newhall and were given a double bedded room. When I was awakened by the heat and stifling smoke I pulled Ware out of bed, and the poor fellow dashed from the room and toward the staircase. I never saw him again, alive or dead, for he was burned to ashes. I rushed to one of the windows of my room and stood for fully half a minute, dazed and bewildered. Right under the window was a network of telegraph wires. Poor Ware's story of the Detroit incident flashed across my mind.

"I jumped toward the wires, and all that I remember is that I grabbed them. They told me afterward that I hung on for about a minute and then fell to the pavement below. I was put among the dead in the old bank across from the hotel, but I revived, and two months later I was able to walk.

"Ware inspired me with the idea that saved my life, and while he had the same opportunity as I had he did not avail himself of it.

"It is idle, boys, to talk of what one would be sure to do under given circumstances. There is no accounting for what a man will do when he is looking into the jaws of death."

All the boys looked thoughtful and agreed that it was so.—Chicago Herald.

Effective Use of English.

No accomplishment excels a thorough mastery of English. Those who have acquired it are the most cultivated and scholarly men and women of our age. This superiority frequently passes unnoticed, for it has a certain subtle quality like the delicate odor of roses. On reading or listening to the best English we never think of the form of expression, and not till afterward, when the clearness of our conception reveals itself, do we notice the beauty and the appropriateness of the language. To use English appropriately, elegantly and forcibly implies not only a thorough knowledge of the language itself, but also a broad culture. It implies both connected, logical thought and the ability to clothe the thought grammatically, rhetorically and connectedly in fit language. A style as massive and majestic as that of Burke or Macaulay renders any man immortal. The grace of Irving and the copious fluency of Scott fascinate the reader; and the power to write with the eloquence of Mr. George William Curtis, President Eliot or Colonel Higginson would reconcile almost anybody to being a Mugwump.—Education.

The Face of a Clock.

An excellent way to test a man's powers of observation is to ask him to draw the dial of a clock. Most persons set down IV for four, instead of the four straight lines usual on dials, and few remember that all the letters of the dial stand with their bases toward the center. It has been demonstrated that all persons ordinarily read a clock dial by the position of the figures and disregard the figures themselves.

One of the best known public dials in a provincial town has no mark save a straight line at each of the places usually occupied by the Roman numerals, and the maker of the great clock of the houses of parliament made another great dial, upon which he indicated each hour by a single straight line. It has been found, however, that while most persons have no accurate knowledge of dials, any marked departure from the usual rule in the marking of watch faces or house clocks is easily detected. A dial bearing IV instead of four straight lines at once attracts attention.—London Tit-Bits.

The Ethics of Story Telling.

It seems to us that in good fiction evil must appear as a foil for good; that it must be set over against righteousness so as to make black black indeed and white purely white. The story teller need have no express moral hobby to ride post haste; his tale will be all the better if told with the pure love of story telling; but we may be quite sure that his taste is unsound if he chooses a salacious story to tell and gives it the unction of personal rehearsal. Here, indeed, is where we would draw the line. Evil can be used by the artist with clean hands and to wholesome effect by contrasting it with a healthy, solid protection of good.

The chief trouble with current realism is that it does not do this, but chooses to set hopeless evil and nerveless commonplace side by side without any triumphant moral heroism to dominate or neutralize it. The ethics of fiction shine in the character, the moral nature of the story, more than in the ostensible or even the actual moral purpose of the author. It is the general effect that the work is likely to produce when read by the aggregate of readers, which must be a large element of the test.—Chautauquan.

A Great Country for Duels.

How prevalent dueling was at one time in Ireland may be gathered from the fact that men of the highest dignity and most responsible position were ready to eat fire and taste steel. The lord chancellor, Lord Clare, fought the master of the rolls, Curran. The chief justice, Lord Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrawley and two others. The chancellor of the exchequer, Isaac Corry, fought Henry Grattan. The provost of Trinity college, Mr. Henry Hutchinson, fought the master in chancery, Mr. Doyle.

O'Connell fought and killed Mr. d'Esterre, the champion of the Dublin corporation, and, as Barrington says, the duel was "fatal to the champion of Protestant ascendancy." These are not the only eminent Irishmen who fought duels, for Sir Jonah Barrington states that during his "grand climacteric," 227 memorable duels had been fought. He tells us of one man who had fought no less than sixteen duels, and Mr. S. C. Hall describes a field near Castlebar, where it was stated that sixty fatal duels had taken place—the last being that of an uncle who had shot his nephew or a nephew who had shot his uncle.—Leeds Mercury.

New Wonders in Electric Lighting.

By means of currents alternating with very high frequency Professor Nikola Tesla has succeeded in passing by induction through the glass of a lamp energy sufficient to keep a filament in a state of incandescence with the use of connecting wires. He has even lighted a room by producing it in such a condition that an illuminating appliance may be placed anywhere and lighted without being electrically connected with anything.

He has produced the required condition by creating in the room a powerful electrostatic field alternating very rapidly. He suspends two sheets of metal, each connected with one of the terminals of the coil. If an exhausted tube is carried anywhere between these sheets or placed anywhere it remains always luminous.

The extent to which this method of illumination may be practically available experiments alone can decide. In any case our insight into the possibilities of static electricity has been extended, and the ordinary electric machine will cease to be regarded as a mere toy.—Professor William Crookes in Popular Science Monthly.

A Curious Custom.

There is a curious custom in Massachusetts which dates back to the time when Nathaniel P. Banks was governor of that state, whereby each succeeding governor has been called upon on the recommendation of the executive council to pardon on Thanksgiving day two prisoners undergoing imprisonment for life. Mr. Banks—his commission as general originating with our civil war—was governor of Massachusetts in 1857, and since that time, thirty-four years ago, at each recurring Thanksgiving day, two prisoners for life, making sixty-eight in all, have been pardoned.—Baltimore Sun.

Two Massachusetts Superstitions.

In parts of Massachusetts it is thought that if a girl puts a piece of southern wood down her back, the first boy she meets will be her husband. In Boston if a marriageable woman puts a bit of southern wood under her pillow on retiring, the first man she sees in the morning will, so says the superstition, be the one whom she is to marry.—Washington Star.

The highest place, among all blood-medicines, belongs to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. See if you don't think so, when you consider how it's sold to you. It's *guaranteed*—and no other medicine of the kind is. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. Wouldn't every medicine make the same terms if it could do as much good?

But the "Discovery" *acts* differently, just as it's *sold* differently. It's not like the sarsaparillas, which claim to do good in March, April, and May. All the year round, with equal benefit, it cleanses, purifies and invigorates the whole system. All Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. For Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goiter or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors, and Swellings, it's a remedy that nothing can equal.

It's the *cheapest* one, too. With this, you pay only for the *good* you get. Refuse worthless substitutes.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

EXCEEDINGLY EMBARRASSING.

Perplexity of a Polite Man Who Lost His Equilibrium in a Street Car.

I took them for a newly married couple. Certainly if she had been married very long she would have known better.

They got on a south bound Clark street car at Goethe street. She was slender and graceful, and had large, fetching dark eyes. He was extremely polite. He helped her on the car very tenderly, and after riding two blocks he jumped up the instant a very fleshy old lady entered the car and offered her his seat, with a low bow—a sure indication that he was just married and doing it for effect.

Then he hung on a strap and bent down and kept up the conversation, which seemed largely made up of irrelevant remarks and highly relevant glances. Presently he discovered that he could stoop lower if he let go the strap.

He had just availed himself of this discovery when the train swooped around the curve at Illinois street. He flung up his arms, made one frantic, ineffectual grab for the strap, swayed gracefully half around, and sprawled out over the fat old lady's lap as the car stopped. His pink and white cheeks turned scarlet. He scrambled half way to his feet and began, "I beg"——

Just as he was in the act of re-establishing his equilibrium and simultaneously uttering the apology, the car gave the sharp jerk and quick, strong pull of starting. He clutched the incorporeal air and went down with the words on his lips—flat, full length on the beastly, muddy floor. It was too bad, but everybody laughed.

Yes, she laughed. She put her slim, black gloved hand, with a film of scented handkerchief in it, up to her mouth and her black eyes danced at him.

He got up, scowled very darkly at the gentleman who had said "Whoop-e-e!" as he went down, and washed a patch of mud off his coat sleeve. Then he looked at her laughing eyes. For an instant he tried to look amused; then he straightened his face out severely and went over and looked out of the door.

As he started into the tunnel he looked around. The handkerchief was still at her mouth and her body swayed slightly as from a repressed emotion. A deep, straight line came into his forehead and he stepped a little farther away. Half way through the tunnel he looked around again. The instant she met his eye she dropped the handkerchief to her mouth just in time to suppress a ripple of laughter. He went out on the platform and banged the door behind him.

At Madison street he opened the door and stood stiff as a statue until she walked out. She looked over her shoulder into his face as she passed him, but there was an irrepressible twinkle in her eyes, and he stepped to the ground after her without unbending.—Chicago News.

Hard on Cambridge.

This is a short story that Cambridge people may not find exactly humorous. It is told, however, concerning a bright youngster who lived among them for his nine short summers, and by reason of the cultured atmosphere he breathed and the experimental systems he was brought up on ought either to have been dead or one of their own. But he defied both these fates and in due course received his reward by moving into Boston. Here he at once found congenial companions and no doubt began to contract those unfortunate habits of speech that indirectly led to this tale. One day his papa heard him using language that no nice little boy, especially a university town boy, is supposed to know the meaning of.

"Teddy," said his stern parent, "never say that again; it's swearing, and God will hear you and be very much displeased."

"Well, I'll go down cellar," said the youngster defiantly, "then I guess he can't her me."

"Yes, he can," insisted the devout man.

"Is he in the attic too?"

"Yes."

"Then," announced the youngster, with the triumphant air of one who settles the question, "I'll go to Cambridge, for I'm sure he's not there."—Boston Transcript.

Statistics About the Lakes.

The following figures obtained from reliable sources show the mean level of the lake surfaces above the mean tide at New York and their maximum depths, respectively: Lake Ontario, 246.61 feet, 738 feet deep; Lake Erie, 572.86 feet and 210 feet deep; Lake Michigan, 581.28 feet, 870 feet deep; Lake Huron, 581.28 feet, 750 feet deep; Lake Superior, 601.78 feet, 1,008 feet deep. The deepest water runs very fairly in mid lake throughout the chain.

The area of water surface in square miles according to Crossman's delineation is as follows: Lake Superior, 31,200; Lake Huron, 23,800; Lake Michigan, 22,450; Lake Erie, 9,960; Lake Ontario, 7,240, or a total area of 94,650 square miles.—Maine Record.

How the Peach Was Produced.

That the luscious peach has been derived from the hard shelled almond can no longer be successfully denied. It is said that the peach in its original soil was a virulent poison, and that the Persian warriors brought to Persia some of the seeds and planted them for the purpose of poisoning the points of their arrows so as to render wounds caused by them to be fatal, but a change of climate and soil produced a fruit which is not only luscious, but is esteemed exceedingly healthful.—Chicago Tribune.

Rather Ill Timed.

At a recent wedding, at which the bride had retained her "maiden meditation fancy free" a number of years beyond the usual marrying age, the organist most thoughtlessly or most ungallantly played as a prelude to the arrival of the wedding party, "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer," thereby causing a visible smile among the listeners.—New York Times.

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so speedily operative in throat and lung troubles as **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, croup, consumption, sore throat, and whooping cough find a sure relief in the use of this preparation. It soothes the inflamed membranes, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Try Don't be without it in the house. Sallie E. Stone, Hurt's store, Va., writes: "I have found, in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs."

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was completely cured."—Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brackan, F S; Dr G C Symon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franckere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B E Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3633 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; R J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Schiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 371 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 382 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legouis's hall, Western and North ave

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas, Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomsetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas P Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] st; I Ka [illegible] st; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Meeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 3524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 5137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 5137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; S P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 456 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Kranta, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Wnandy, F S; M Jasquen, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2616 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Droiet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E Washington st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

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County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 483 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W Erie st.

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Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

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Div. No. 26—Pres. F. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P. James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3612 Lowe av; V P, T. P. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 3503 Jefferson av; V. P., M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Doheny, 6359 Honore V P, John Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 63th and Halsted sts; Fin Sec, M H Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

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Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3525 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes, Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; Vice Pres, John Maher; Rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; Fin sec, Patrick Morris, treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

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Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

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1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

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All these offers are open from this date, Jan. 2, 1892, and advantage should be taken of them as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

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Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

THE CITIZEN NEWSPAPER CO.
Chicago, Jan. 2, 1892.

A Change to Gods.

The old man had gone out to feed my mule, and as I sat talking to the wife two or three of the children came hanging around her. The youngest, a boy of three, was trying to climb up on her lap when she reached out for a book on the stand and used it to give him a resounding box on the ear. He ran away howling, and as she began telling how troublesome children were I replied:

"Haven't you ever heard, ma'am, that boxing a child's ears may cause deafness?"

"La! no!" she replied. "Does any one really say so?"

"All surgeons say so, and there is no doubt of it."

"Is it possible! Excuse me a minute."

She went to the back door and called "Henry—oh, Henry!" to her husband, and when he came in she said:

"I've found out all about it from the stranger."

"What?"

"Why, the reason that every one of our seven young 'uns are gittin deaf as adders."

"What's the cause?"

"It's our boxin 'em on the ears with that pesky hymn book so often! We've got to quit it, and do you go over in the lot the first thing and cut me a big bundle of gads to use on 'em the rest of the week!"—Detroit Free Press.

Schools at Tuscola, Ills., are closed on account of scarlet fever.

Matt Andrews and John Murphy, alias George Lee have been found guilty of the robbery of Swedesburg, Ia., postoffice last fall.

A contract has been awarded for furnishing 25,000 tons of stone for new government fortifications at San Francisco.

By the will of Richard Berridge, who lately died in England, $1,000,000 was bequeathed for educational purposes, one-fourth of which amount, or $250,000, is to be employed exclusively in the teaching of cookery in voluntary schools of England and Wales.

Five thousand pounds of dynamite exploded in the Camille, Ills., mills opposite St. Louis. The people near by thought an earthquake had occurred. No lives were lost.

Suit has been entered by the government against Sheriff Hill of Davidson county, Tenn., and his bondsmen for $25,000 damages for the escape of Mail Robber Boalen from the county jail. Boalen's capture cost $15,000.

France's wine of 1891 will be the best since 1884, and there was much of it.

The distillery of George Dengler, near Reading, Pa., has been seized for alleged violation of the revenue laws. The distillery contained 452 gallons of apple brandy.

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100 Southern Belle Cigars for	90 cents
50 El Habana Cigars for	75 cents
A 1-lb can Coronet Baking Powder for	10 cents
A Large Package Ready Rising Buckwheat Flour	29 cents
Maple Syrup, direct from Vermont, per gallon	90 cents
Epps' English Cocoa, per tin	15 cents
Pints Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles, for	25 cents
Quarts Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles for	45 cents
4 lbs After Dinner Java Coffee for	$1.00
2-lb cans Golden Pumpkin for	3 cents
Large bottles Household Ammonia, each	8 cents
Quarter box containing 5 lbs net London Layer Table Raisins for	25 cents
Japan Tea Dust, per lb	9 cents
Good Quality Japan Tea, per lb	13 cents
Fancy Young Hyson Tea, per lb	29 cents
Lorillard's Army and Navy Plug Tobacco, per lb	29 cents
Leggett & Meyer's Star Plug Tobacco, per lb	39 cents
Michigan Sweet Corn, per can	7 cents
1-lb package Best Quality Corn Starch for	5 cents
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For the last fifteen years competent judges have admitted that the watches made in America are far superior to those of foreign manufacture. For this reason everybody who wishes to have a watch that can be relied on has tried to purchase an American watch. Owing, however, to efforts of the "watch trust," these watches have been sold at so high a price as to place them beyond the reach of the average watch buyer. THE CITIZEN has determined to place these watches within reach of every one of its subscribers and regular readers by buying them of the factory agents and selling them at an advance which barely covers expenses. Every subscriber and regular reader may purchase any watch made in America at a price slightly in advance of that charged at the factory. Nobody else can buy at any price Below are several watches which we consider especially desirable:

No. 1 is a genuine New York Standard watch, in a solid nickel silver case, open face. The works are jewelled, and the watch is a stem-winder and setter. We will send this watch, which is guaranteed to keep correct time, by registered mail prepaid, for only $5.50.

No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25, and for hunting case $16.50 postage and registry pre-paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hairspring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $20.00.

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JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the statute that the undersigned George Frederick Simpson, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next March Term A. D. 1892, of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in the said County of Cook, on the third Monday of March, 1892, being the 21st day thereof, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Giorgio Frederico D'Almond.

Dated at Chicago this 12th day of January, A. D. 1892.

(Signed) GEORGE FREDERICK SIMPSON.
James O'Connell, Attorney.